



NATIONAL MEMORIAL.

PEEPS AT GREAT CITIES

BERLIN

BY

EDITH SIEPEN

WITH TWELVE FULL-PAGE ILLUSTRATIONS
IN COLOUR

BY

ALOIS METZ



LONDON

ADAM AND CHARLES BLACK

1911

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1155-1156
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TO

MY DEAR FRIEND

MRS. LOUISE TOLES (MOLLY)

THIS LITTLE WORK IS INSCRIBED

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CHAPTER I

FIRST IMPRESSIONS

It is popularly reported that when the Emperor was riding along one of the principal thoroughfares of Berlin a short time ago, he turned to the Adjutant at his side, and said : “ Mark my words, Berlin will one day be the finest city in the world ! ” Whether the story is authentic or not, or whether the words, if uttered, were only carelessly spoken, there is more than a remote possibility of the prediction being fulfilled. The beauties of Nature and Art are so perfectly blended that when the softening glamour of age has settled over the handsome streets and buildings, little more will be wanting to complete the beauty of the Prussian capital.

One of the first things that strikes the visitor to Berlin—if it does not happen to be winter—is the wealth of green everywhere. Rows of trees are planted along the curbstone in almost all the streets, even in the poorer parts of the city. They are mostly lime or linden-trees, the blossoms of which in early summer fill the air with fragrance, and the older the trees are the sweeter grows the perfume. The squares and open spaces, which are many in number, are beautifully

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laid out with flowers and shrubs, and provided with broad walks and plenty of benches, where the children can play and rest. Many of the newer thoroughfares have a promenade down the middle, with seats, and are bounded on either side by flower-beds tastefully arranged according to a cheerful colour-scheme. The flowers are never allowed to look faded, but the plants are constantly renewed and carefully tended. An old man may usually be seen loitering about these floral promenades. He is generally a veteran who has been through a number of battles, and wears a bit of ribbon in his button-hole. He passes his time pleasantly enough, taking care the children do not go on the beds, and he also gathers up untidy scraps of paper lying about, which he deposits in big wire baskets placed there for the purpose. The thick stick he carries is only for show, or for his own support; nobody has ever seen him do more than shake it vigorously at a culprit.

And then there are the balconies! These alone make Berlin beautiful during three seasons of the year. Every flat in every house, except very old-fashioned ones or those in the poorer quarters, has its balcony, which is the family's miniature garden. Many balconies display an abundance of brilliant colour and rich foliage incredible when you remember how small the space is. The favourite flowers are the many-coloured nasturtiums, bright scarlet geraniums, or the pink hanging geraniums, and climbing roses. Berlin air is very fine and clear—quite free from smoke and “smuts”—and so the flowers flourish well. A balcony competition was recently organized in Berlin, which

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was most successful. It was very amusing to see the judges going through the streets, notebook in hand, craning their necks to compare the beauties of the hanging gardens high above them.

The Berlin streets are for the most part very broad and straight. They are surprisingly even; there is not a hill worthy of the name in the whole of the city. You are at once struck with the scrupulous cleanliness everywhere. No offal, no bits of straw and paper, such as disfigure the streets of most other large cities, are to be seen. Dirt is swiftly swept away by the city scavengers in their neat uniform—black cap, belted tunic, and boots to the knee; and that scarecrow of the English streets—the tattered amateur crossing-sweeper—is unknown. The streets are well and regularly washed by the municipal carts: rather too frequently for the bicyclists and roller-skaters, for the roads are nearly all asphalted, and when wet are very slippery.

Berlin drinking-water is excellent, so clear and pure and refreshing that it is a wonder the working-classes do not prefer it to beer, but they unfortunately do not. The drainage and sanitary arrangements of Berlin, in contradistinction to many other German towns, are splendid. When the cholera was raging in Hamburg in 1892, offering an object-lesson in cleanliness to the municipality there, and spreading on every side, it was kept out of Berlin by main force, through the prompt and energetic action of the authorities. The streets and sewers were disinfected and washed every night; the greatest caution and cleanliness were ordered in the houses and public buildings, under pain of heavy fines. A list of precautionary measures to

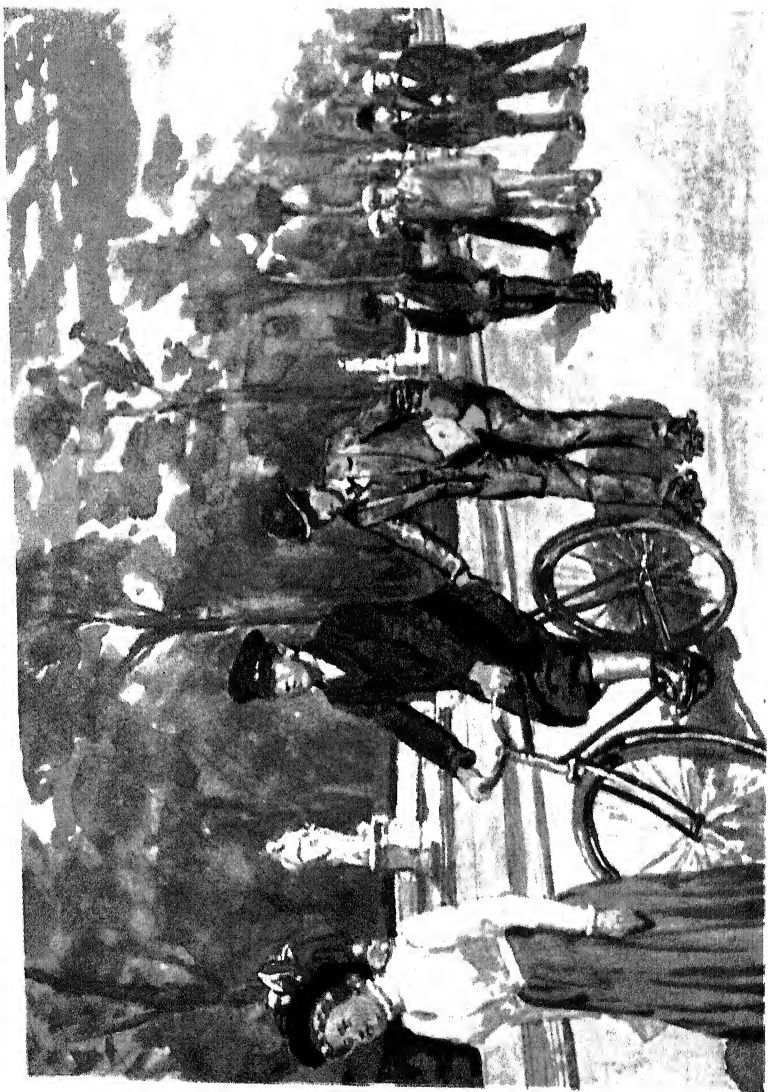
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be taken by householders was posted up at every street corner, and all in-coming trains were put into quarantine. Berlin smelt of disinfectants from one end to the other, but it was saved. And it is only 175 miles from Berlin to Hamburg !

There are no street-beggars in Berlin, and you are at once impressed by the tidy appearance of the poor people. No tatters and no cheap finery, but clean and decent clothing is the invariable rule.

If you should enter Berlin for the first time at night you cannot fail to appreciate the clean, well-lighted railway-stations and the brilliant lighting of the streets. Berlin is said to be the most luminous city in the world. The chief thoroughfares are illuminated by a row of huge electric lamps down the centre of the horse-road. The lamps are suspended from iron wires attached to tall masts on either side, and form a brilliant and imposing vista.

Berlin's trim appearance is increased by the lack of disfiguring advertisement posters, such as cover every available inch in London, and render the railway-stations labyrinths of mystery to the bewildered foreigner. Large round pillars, about ten feet high, at the corners of the streets are the medium of public advertisement, and they are rather picturesque than otherwise. Each theatre has its bill posted up daily, and you know exactly where to look for it, to see who is playing and when the performance begins and ends. Notices to the public about meetings and important regulations are there too, as well as advertisements for lost pets, often with the poor doggie's portrait. When you see a crowd of people reading a bright



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crimson notice, you know the police are offering a reward for the apprehension of someone who has committed a crime. The pillars are useful also in another way, for they are hollow, and inside are the brushes and paste and short ladder which are used by the bill-stickers long before daybreak. A man named Litfass invented these pillars many years ago, and made a fortune by the invention. They still bear his name, being known as the "Litfass-Säulen."

All the streets and buildings impress you as so new and clean that you may well ask if there is no old Berlin. The very few ancient landmarks have almost all disappeared, but there is still one block of old houses left standing, near the river and in the heart of the city. This is often visited by artists and students of Berlin history. It is a relic of the time when Berlin was a fishing-village. Up a very narrow passage you go into an old, old court, with high tenement houses on each side and a sundial at one end. There is always a group of youngsters hanging round the entrance to the "Krögel," as the court is called, all eager to earn a few pfennigs by pointing out the way to the sundial.

In many respects Berlin, compared with other great capitals, is a city of silence. It is true that since the motor-bus and the ubiquitous "auto" have added their hoots to the clang of the electric tram-bell, things are not what they were, but still many street noises are prohibited. There are no street-cries. "Milk!" "Swe-e-pe!" "Speshul 'dishun!" and similar inviting calls of the eager hawker are unknown here. Bus-conductors do not shout their destination and fare

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into your ears, and the "French piano" and "German band" are conspicuous by their absence. Only the mighty milkman, Bolle, who has so many hundreds of employés that he built a church for them which was opened by the Empress, is allowed the privilege of a bell to each of his carts, and its ring has become a daily alarum to many early risers.

Berlin possesses fine monuments of marble and bronze, and beautiful fountains too numerous to count. Among the finest statues are those, in bronze, of Frederick the Great and the Great Elector in Unter den Linden; and, in white marble, of Frederick William III., Queen Luise, and Goethe, all in the Tiergarten—the Hyde Park of Berlin. The Prussian capital revels in architectural beauties of the Renaissance and later Schools. The Berliners are also fond of uniting Medieval and Renaissance styles in their public buildings with good effect, of which the handsome Rathaus (Guildhall) is a specimen. The artistic taste expended upon private houses in Berlin is quite extraordinary. There are friezes, façades, and reliefs on many a mansion, and even stucco ornamentation on ordinary dwellings that would fill the heart of a student of design with rapture.

CHAPTER II

THE STREET TRAFFIC

No city in the world has so rapidly developed as Berlin. Twenty years ago it was of comparative unimportance, and not particularly interesting in any

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way. Sometimes people say to friends in the provinces: "What! You have not seen Berlin for ten years? Ah, then you must go! You won't recognize it!" It is no wonder that the regulation of the enormous street traffic is always occupying the minds of Mayor and Corporation and Police.

One evening, a year or two ago, the Emperor went on foot to the busy Potsdamer Platz, where, watching the terribly congested traffic for a quarter of an hour, he satisfied himself as to the urgent necessity for improvement. His Majesty, who is always seen here in the uniform of one or other of his many regiments, donned civilian's dress on that occasion, and so passed unrecognized. It must have been quite a novel sensation for him.

Frequent visits have been paid by the Chief of Police to London, and detachments of Berlin constables have been sent across the Channel to learn from their more experienced colleagues. Much better order is now maintained in Berlin, and the policemen exercise more politeness towards the public than they once did, although, of course, they are not so obliging as that charming person the London policeman. A Berlin policeman is a very important individual indeed in his own estimation, and there is no trifling with him. He looks very imposing, too, with his shining helmet and short sword. He has usually reached the military rank of a sergeant before joining the force, and as a somewhat rough tone prevails in the Prussian army this no doubt accounts for his dictatorial manner. When a Berlin policeman has escorted an old lady across the road—quite a recent accomplishment—it is very funny to see him give his collar a pull up and

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make a face as though he had swallowed medicine. He fears he has lost something of his dignity. But though he may be more feared than liked by the people, his bark is worse than his bite, and I have always found if you approach him cautiously and kindly he will willingly reciprocate. A Berlin policeman's hours are very long and fatiguing, his pay is poor, and his life generally not a bed of roses by any means.

The traffic is now regulated at big centres by well-drilled men, one or two of whom are armed with a small trumpet, whose shrill voice stops one long line of vehicles till the other has crossed. A mounted policeman is on view too. He is supposed to gallop after any runaway delinquent; but I have never seen him do it, or, indeed, do anything but sit on his magnificent horse like a statue in blue uniform.

In Germany you drive on the right side of the road, and overtake, of course, on the left. This makes it very awkward at first when you have been used to driving or cycling in England. My first experience of this was many years ago, in a little Saxon town in winter. My friends had injudiciously entrusted themselves and their sleigh with its two young and lively horses into my keeping. It was all right when we could fly along the quiet, snow-clad roads of the surrounding country, but on entering the town, where other sledges would insist on driving on the right when I wanted to keep to the left, it was a different matter, and I think I would rather not tell you what happened. Fortunately, snow is very soft, and Germans are good-natured people.

Getting about is cheap in Berlin. You can go a

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distance of nearly ten miles in an electric tram for a penny, and the horse-omnibus will take you quite a long way for half that sum. Horse-omnibuses are heavy, clumsy vehicles, and their pace is slow. Motor-buses are now very frequent, but the principal public vehicle of the Berlin streets remains the huge electric tram, the majority with a rear car attached, which, if the streets were not very broad, would be dreadfully in the way. When there is any obstruction on the lines, or anything happens to a car, you see a line of stationary trams, as far as the eye can reach, all full of impatient people abusing the company. As Berlin is very cold in winter, the cars are heated by little boxes of charcoal concealed beneath the benches, while in summer all the windows are open, and there is usually an open car in the rear. The omnibuses, too, are open in summer, and smoking is then permitted inside. The swift "taxi" is, of course, popular, but there are still plenty of people who, if time is not an object, prefer the comfortable horse-*droschke*, which is like a small victoria, with a hood to put up in case of rain.

Hansom cabs are never seen here, with one solitary antiquated exception. This cab has belonged for years to a well-known firm of dyers, but it is still the centre of attraction wherever it appears. Dogs often draw little carts in Berlin, as in other parts of Germany, for the poor people. They are usually well treated, and are devoted to their master, who always lends his useful friend a helping hand in pulling the small vehicle. An attempt has often been made to introduce donkeys into Berlin, but the idea has never caught on, and it is very rarely that one is seen.

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Berlin has an excellent underground and elevated electric railway, which is being extended in every direction, and is always crowded with passengers. The underground section is not nearly so deep down as the "Tube," so that there is no need of lifts. At regular intervals there is a grated skylight and a flight of steps leading up to the street in case of accident, so that everyone feels very safe.

Berlin being the capital of Prussia, and Prussia being nothing if not a military country, the general aspect of the streets is brightened by multitudinous uniforms, some of which are very gorgeous indeed. The officers, who seldom or never wear mufti, are mostly splendidly built men. They are good horsemen and capital dancers, and are always considered most decorative at an evening party. Military service, you know, is compulsory in Germany, and you can detect at once the man who has served his year by his square shoulders and broad chest.

Everything gives way to the military element in Berlin, and on review days the traffic is held up for hours while the endless columns of infantry, cavalry, and artillery pass. No civilian, however busy he may be, is permitted to break through the lines, even when there is a considerable gap. I suppose something terrible would happen to him if he should do so, but he is far too well trained to attempt it. So the business man goes a long way round to get to his destination, thinking the naughty language he doesn't dare to utter.

The Berlin Fire-Brigade is one of the best in the world. When the engines with their splendid horses, or the motor-engines, which are used in some districts,

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dash through the streets, ringing a loud bell incessantly, all the traffic stops till they have passed. It is the one occasion on which a troop of soldiers with their commanding officers makes a halt. Very seldom indeed is anyone burnt to death in Berlin, though the houses are four and sometimes five stories high. The Berlin people have the utmost confidence in their fine Brigade, and I have seen persons in one flat looking calmly out of the windows, watching a fire being extinguished in the flat above or below them. The Empress shows her sympathy with the brave firemen very practically. Once every year she receives at the Castle those who have most distinguished themselves during the past twelve months. After talking to them kindly about their work and their families, Her Majesty makes them a present of money, and frequently adds some personal souvenir, like a photograph or a notebook.

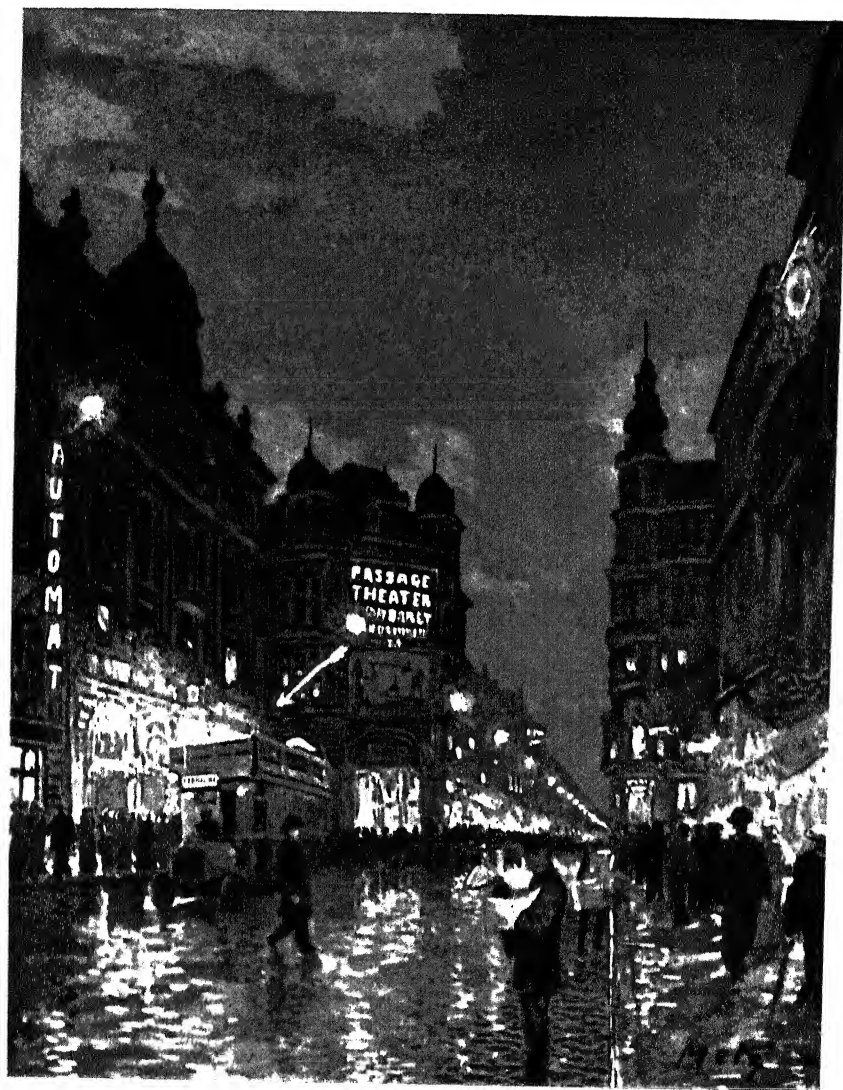
Not only, however, is the Berlin Fire-Brigade famous for extinguishing conflagrations. It renders assistance to the citizens in so many ways that the popular name for it is the "Maid-of-all-Work." If anyone is run over by a tramcar and cannot be extricated, up gallop the engines with cranes and iron pivots, the huge car is speedily raised, and the prisoner released, sometimes hardly injured. After very heavy rain the basement dwellings are often flooded, and then the firemen come along with their hose and pump the water out. If a horse and cart, backing at a landing-place, fall into the river, the fire-engines are requisitioned, and before long steed and vehicle are again on dry land. Twice within my recollection an

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automobile *Droschke* has dashed by mistake into the canal, each time being rescued by the Fire-Brigade. One of the cabs was closed, and the ladies inside got through the window and sat on the roof, cheered by a sympathetic crowd on the banks. They were alarmed and rather wet, but quite unhurt, and being Berlin ladies, they waited in confident expectation that the *Feuerwehr* would come to their assistance.

A sight that the Berliners have now grown accustomed to, but which still strikes country cousins as remarkable, is the number of roller-skaters in the streets. You see clerks going to business, errand-boys taking messages and parcels, and boys and girls going to school—knapsack on back—in busy thoroughfares, all rinking along gaily over the asphalt, hanging on occasionally to a cart to help them through thick traffic. The police, usually so austere and so careful of everyone's safety, have as yet placed no restrictions upon roller-skaters, beyond prohibiting more than two to skate parallel and confining them to the horse-road. In the quiet streets outside the city rinking has become the favourite sport of all juveniles, rich and poor.

If a funeral procession comes along, you will be astonished at the gloomy draping of the hearse, which is a relic of barbarism. It looks like a huge box tightly covered with black cloth—the wheels, even, are hardly visible. A black and silver cross at the front is the sole ornament. The horses, two to six in number, according to the deceased's rank and means, are draped from head to hoof in black, and their eyes look weirdly out of holes cut in the cloth. They are led by men on foot, and it is a wonder that they do not take fright



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at their own terrifying aspect. The wreaths follow piled on open hearses, and the mourners bring up the rear in closed carriages.

It has often been said that the Berliners never go to bed. It is certainly a matter of astonishment that they can manage with so little sleep. The Friedrich Strasse, the longest street in Europe, presents at one o'clock in the morning almost as lively an appearance as at noon. Restaurants and beer-gardens keep open till three in the morning, or even later, and many cafés all night long, while performances in the cabarets do not begin before midnight. No matter how late the average Berliner goes to bed, he rises at an early hour every day, for shops, warehouses, and offices open at eight, and there is often a long distance to cover before he gets to his business. On Sunday, however, when the banks and factories are closed, he takes his rest.

Notwithstanding the enormous quantity of beer consumed in Berlin, you very seldom see a drunken man in the streets, and never a drunken woman. German beer is of a much lighter kind than that consumed in England, and adulteration of all liquors is so severely punished by law, that they are not so injurious here as in some countries.

There are many little kiosks in the streets, where newspapers are sold, and often, too, Selters-water and lemonade by the glass. Flower-sellers with huge flat baskets full of fragrant blossoms stand at the corners of the streets and squares, making them very bright and pretty. An umbrella fixed to the basket provides shade for the vendor and his wares. Berlin people are

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passionately fond of flowers, and the itinerant florist does a capital trade.

Berlin streets are well stocked with clocks. At many of the busy centres there is what is called a "Normal Clock," mounted on a big pillar. These clocks are regulated from the Royal Observatory, and go, of course, to the second. Everyone compares his or her watch with the *Normaluhr* in passing.

Berlin people themselves have still a good deal to learn. They are only just beginning, for instance, to walk on the right, despite repeated requests from the police authorities to do so. Then they are rather given to walking in the horse-road at times, imagining no doubt Berlin is still the rural village it once was, and when they get run over they are most illogically indignant. But these are trifles that will right themselves in due course, when the Berliners have grown accustomed to the dimensions of their fine city.

CHAPTER III

BERLIN PEOPLE AND THEIR HOMES

ONCE upon a time an English girl came out to Berlin, and, during the short time the train waited at Hanover, she hastily drank a cup of coffee in the refreshment-room. The waiter was short-tempered—or perhaps she did not understand him—and the coffee was poor; moreover, he had auburn hair. It is said the English girl then purchased a picture-postcard for her home-folks, and wrote as follows: "Germans have red hair and are very unfriendly; they can't speak English, and

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make bad coffee.” Now, this is a specimen—just a little exaggerated perhaps—of the unfair judgments strangers and foreigners are often guilty of. To know a people well, you must live among them, speak their language, and be familiar with their customs. The Germans are very warm-hearted, generous people, and the Berliners are particularly kind and hospitable towards foreigners. As they are fond of gaiety, too, the English boy or girl who comes across to study usually has quite a good time, and generally looks back upon his or her sojourn in Berlin with pleasure ever after.

Berlin is very different from London in the matter of people living in the town. Although nowadays some live in the suburbs, and come up to town by train to business, the majority of Berlin people live in Berlin itself. The classes are jumbled up in a very strange manner. In a house with large and expensive flats you will often see a little greengrocer's shop or a baker's, or perhaps a cobbler lives in the basement, and all these small tradesfolk are patronized by the occupants of the grand flats up higher. People in Berlin, you know, nearly all live in flats, and these are delightfully cosy and comfortable, and often most luxurious.

The houses are very high ; there are always four, and sometimes five, stories, and the top floor is usually the favourite of English residents, because the air is better and it is so much quieter. It is not pleasant to be awakened out of your first sleep by the neighbours above you returning from a dance, or to have a piano—or, still worse, a pianola—going merrily over your head when you want to study. And then in all the newer houses there is a lift, with seats and electric light,

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so that it is no inconvenience to live on the upper floors.

Many of the houses are quite palatial. The huge door, which is so heavy that a child can hardly push it, is opened when you ring by the porter, who lives with his family in a tiny dwelling on the ground floor, and who usually pops his head out of a side window to inquire your business. The house-door is locked by him at ten o'clock every night, and when you go to a theatre or party you had better not forget to take the house-key, or you may stand for a long time in the cold trying to wake the porter. The entrance-hall is generally of marble, or a clever imitation, and the stairs also are often of marble. The decoration is lavish: mirrors are let into the walls, and there are often shrubs in the hall, and hall and staircase are carpeted, sometimes very richly.

Berlin flats are always admired by English visitors for their comfort. All the newer houses are heated by steam, so that they are never cold in any part, and hot water is laid on in the kitchen and bathroom, even when the flat is quite a tiny one. The older houses are heated by tall stoves made of china tiles. Much fun has been poked at these stoves, and they have frequently been likened to tombstones. But, in reality, they are not often ugly, and their cosy warmth reaches into every corner of the room. They are heated by means of "brikets," or cakes of compressed coal, which cause neither smell nor dirt. Sometimes a *Kamin*, or English fire-grate, is built into a stove in one of the drawing-rooms, and the hostess will show it you with pride, for English things and ways are fashionable.

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All the reception-rooms of a Berlin flat lead out of each other. They are very tastefully decorated, and all the floors, excepting those of the bedrooms, are of inlaid wood and highly polished. A large flat, with its long vista of rooms, makes a very imposing appearance. An average-sized flat is divided up in the following manner: dining-room and salon, sitting-room and *Herrnzimmer* (master's room; or, as we should say, the study), and perhaps a boudoir for the lady of the house or a music-room. The bedrooms, nurseries, and servants' rooms are generally at the back, overlooking the wide court, which is planted out with small trees and shrubs. The kitchen of a Berlin flat is charming, so clean and pretty it is a pleasure to look at it. German housewives and their maids take an equal pride in that department of the *ménage*. At night the "breakfast-bag" is hung outside the door leading to the back stairs, and in the morning at six o'clock the maid finds it filled with delicious white crisp rolls, which, with fresh butter and excellent coffee, form the ordinary breakfast of the Berliners. Rye "black bread," which is not really black, but brown or grey, and which, however much maligned by foreigners, is very good and wholesome, is never eaten for breakfast.

Electric light and gas are laid on everywhere, and the cooking is nearly all done by gas. Every flat possesses a lumber-room on the attic-floor and a cellar down below, and, for the convenience of all the occupants who like their washing done at home, each house is provided with a complete laundry just under the roof. Berlin houses are built in rectangular form, with the courtyard in the centre. From the court, in

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addition to the back stairs of the front flats, go other flights of stairs, usually nicely carpeted and lighted with electric light, just like those of the larger dwellings. These lead to small flats of two or three rooms, called garden flats. Such a cosy little home is often rented by a couple of American girls who have come over to study music, and, with the assistance of the porter's wife, they enjoy their bachelor housekeeping immensely.

German servants are very hard-working and honest as a rule. It is usual in a large flat to keep a *Diener*, or man-servant. A German *Diener* is a wonderfully handy boy, and can do anything from cleaning boots, brushing your dresses, and waiting at table, to fetching the younger children home from school, and doing all the marketing on the way. A *Diener* is, in fact, a household treasure, and could give points to his aristocratic London colleague "Jeames," who would certainly turn up his nose at him.

It is difficult sometimes to distinguish a middle-class mistress from her maid-of-all-work, for the latter wears no cap and the former is rarely seen without an apron. Aprons play an extraordinary part in the feminine German wardrobe. I have counted as many as twelve pages in the illustrated price-list of a large Berlin establishment, all devoted to that particular article: big serviceable coloured aprons for cooking and the *Wirtschaft* generally, white ones of all sizes for various purposes, small "dress" aprons of fancy material, highly trimmed with lace, for afternoons, and neat black silk aprons, favoured by old ladies, with a little coloured embroidery if the wearer be of a volatile turn.

Berlin is very cold in winter. The east wind blows

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across from the Russian Steppes with no mountain range to break its force. All the windows of the flats are double, which keeps out cold and noise at the same time, although it makes a good deal more work for the maid. The windows are quite different from English ones; they open inwards like doors, and, like the doors, too, they do not have knobs, but long brass handles. Between the double panes you often see in spring a row of hyacinths in glasses, which has a very pretty effect.

Of the balconies I have already spoken. A Berlin family makes more use of the balcony in summer than of a room. If it is large enough, all the members of the family will take their breakfast and supper there. The balcony is often lighted by electric lamps, and there are lounge chairs and a serviceable table. You can hear the sound of merry voices proceeding from behind a wall of flowers and greenery all along the street till a late hour on a summer's night. In the daytime children have quiet games or do their lessons there, the gay, striped awning keeping off the sun; and the baby of the family will often repose for hours together in his cot in a sheltered corner. You will often hear a canary's song or a parrot's chatter, or see a pet dog looking down at the passers-by as you go past; in short, the balcony is the family rendezvous.

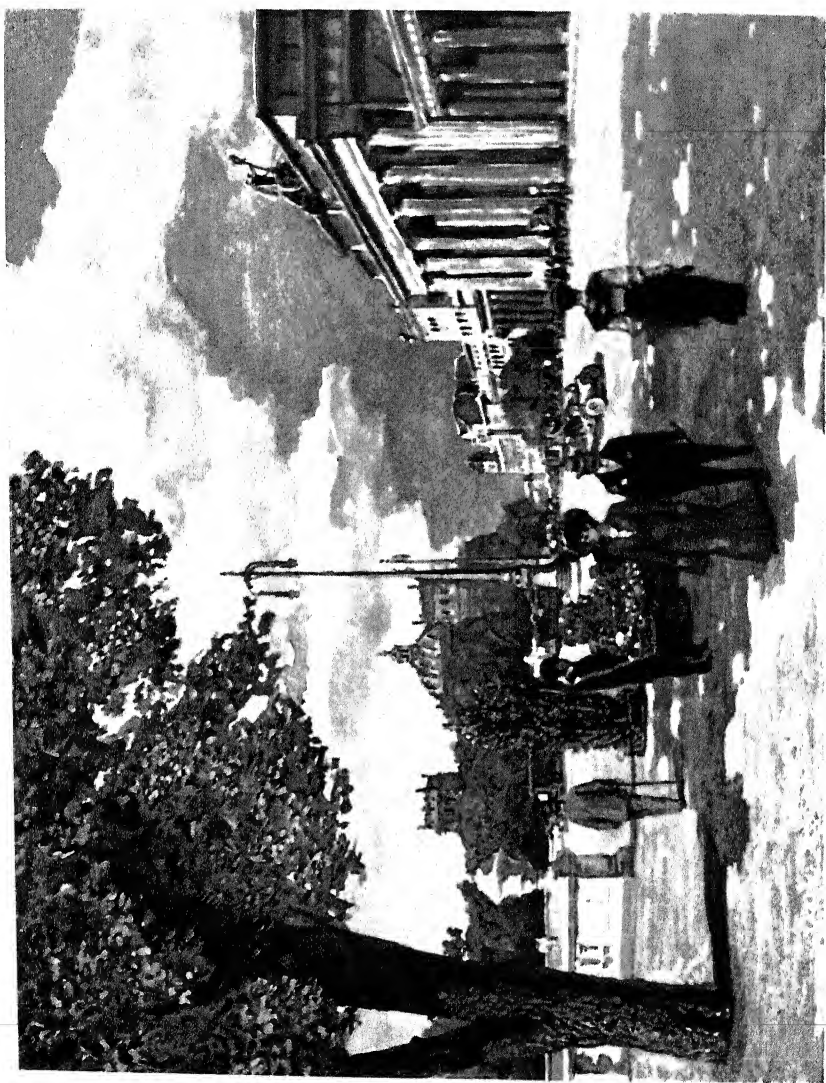
Some of the very wealthy Berliners occupy whole houses, which are called villas. These are generally huge mansions close to the road, with only a scrap of garden if they are in Berlin itself; but a few miles out of the town there are plenty of houses standing in beautiful grounds. This is particularly the case in

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the Grunewald—a wooded district that is quite charming. Here Herr von Mendelssohn-Bartholdy, the grandson of the great composer, lives, and many famous artists and writers. A few of the newest Berlin houses have a roof-garden, which may be used by all the tenants upon extra payment. In time roof-gardens will certainly become general. The houses being often of a uniform height for a whole street, you can go for a walk of quite a distance over the roofs, if you can prevail upon the porter to let you go up. Occasionally a would-be burglar escapes in this manner, and once I witnessed an exciting chase after one by a dozen policemen over the flat roofs of two streets. After a good deal of stumbling over chimney-tops and skylights the man was caught.

It is difficult to keep pets in flats, yet dogs there are in abundance, in spite of the disgracefully high tax of thirty shillings a year. Only those that are kept for drawing carts are exempt. Until recently all Berlin dogs were compelled by law to wear a muzzle. When the order was repealed there was general rejoicing on the part of masters and dogs, and many of the latter went about proudly wearing ribbons and flowers. They feel themselves masters of the situation now, and are very audacious; and croaking folks who don't like doggies say the muzzling order will soon come into force again. Berlin people do not care for cats, and you rarely see any.

Berlin homes in winter are very cosy. Often after supper one of the family will read aloud, while the girls get out the fancy work they do so beautifully, and there is very often music. Some young neighbours



Berlin People and Their Homes

will perhaps come in, and a dance is improvised. A carpet is quickly rolled back, and over the polished floor the boys and girls waltz and "two-step" while *Mutti* plays for them.

The Berlin people are very fond of gaiety. They enjoy taking their supper very often in a fashionable restaurant, and in winter there is frequently a *Stammtisch*—a reserved table—for several families, who meet one night a week to eat and drink and chat. The men smoke and talk business and politics after the meal is over, while their wives gossip about their intimate affairs and criticize the fashions of the other ladies. Nowadays, the ladies sometimes smoke a cigarette too. In summer the open-air restaurants are crowded, and the big beer-gardens—which are also restaurants—generally have a good military band playing at intervals. Berlin people have rather loud voices, and they don't mind in the least discussing their private affairs in public. Thus it frequently happens that when two friends meet in a tramcar all the rest of the passengers are made acquainted with all sorts of interesting bits of news—how Gretchen would become betrothed to Hans, in spite of his pay of a hundred marks a month for serving his country as a Lieutenant; and how Mariechen's baby has cut its first tooth; and how important it is for *mein Mann* to go to Carlsbad, as he is getting quite too terribly stout.

Berliners have a good deal of mother-wit: not, perhaps, always refined, but generally to the point. They have no objection at all to turning their wit against themselves or their belongings. "What is quicker than thought?" is a *Volk's* riddle, whose

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answer runs : “ A Berlin *Droschke* horse, because, when you think it’s going to fall, it is down already.” The point is obvious, for Berlin cab-horses are rather poor specimens of their race. To tell the truth, though, it is usually the fault of the driver when they do tumble down, for Berlin *Droschkenkutschers* are the reverse of skilful with the reins.

The German language, you know, has many dialects, which are almost like different languages. The Berlin dialect is never to be confused with any other, once you have heard it. It is not elegant, but, like the people, it is *gemütlich*, and as there is no word in English that quite expresses *gemütlich* I must leave you to guess its meaning.

CHAPTER IV

UNTER DEN LINDEN

THE thoroughfare known as Unter den Linden is the most interesting in Berlin. At one end is the Brandenburg Gate, and at the other, a mile away, is the Schloss, or Imperial Castle, the town residence of the Emperor. Sophie Charlotte, the first Queen of Prussia, planted, two hundred years ago, the first linden or lime-tree, from which the street derives its name. The trees form a double row down the centre, and are not such fine specimens of their kind as those in some other parts of the city.

The Linden, as it is popularly called, is two hundred feet broad. It is really three thoroughfares: the avenue in the middle for pedestrians, with a riding

Unter den Linden

way parallel, and on either side a broad street with handsome buildings and shops. Several of the finest hotels are in Unter den Linden. The thoroughfare is lighted brilliantly by three rows of electric arc-lights, which, with the illumination of the hotels and shops, make it almost as light as day. It is the direct road to the Schloss, indeed, the only one of any great width, and as it leads straight to the Tiergarten, it is always used by the Imperial family when they ride or drive out.

Brandenburg Gate has nine separate entrances to the Linden: the middle one, at which a sentinel stands, being exclusively for the use of royal carriages. Only one exception is made to this rule: the fire-engines are allowed to pass, to save time. One of the old guard-houses is at Brandenburg Gate, and you may always know of the approach of any of the Imperial family by the alertness of the sentries, and then, of course, by the rattling of the drums. A large crowd always collects outside Brandenburg Gate to watch for the coming of the Emperor, who, when in Berlin, goes for a ride or drive every afternoon. You never, in fact, pass Brandenburg Gate without seeing a lot of expectant people standing about, hoping for a sight of His Majesty or the Empress. The men-servants of the Imperial household wear a neat blue livery with silver buttons, and silver eagles on their collars. When a coachman is driving any of the Imperial family he has silver eagles round his hat too, so you know at once whether a Majesty or Royal Highness is inside, or only a lady or gentleman of the Court.

The motor-cars of the Emperor and Empress are

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all white, and the chauffeurs wear chocolate-coloured liveries with silver eagles. Instead of the ordinary hoot a peculiar flourish is sounded on a trumpet by a man sitting at the chauffeur's side. The Crown Prince has a similar signal, and whenever it is heard there is a rush to see who is coming. The royal cars go at a great pace, and when they are closed little is seen of the occupants, but there is plenty of enthusiasm all the same, and all the men raise their hats as the car flies past.

If the lime-trees of Unter den Linden could speak, and could tell us what they have seen in bygone years, how interesting it would be! In 1807 the all-conquering Napoleon rode under Brandenburg Gate with his soldiers, and took possession of the city, after King Friedrich Wilhelm III. and his lovely Queen had fled to Königsberg. On the summit of the gate, some ninety feet high, an imposing Chariot of Victory in bronze caught the eyes of the French, who considered it a trophy worth taking home to Paris. So the Goddess of Victory and her chariot were hauled down, packed up, and transported to a foreign country. For some reason, however, she was never unpacked, and when, seven years later, the tables were turned, and the Germans triumphed, she was found just as she had left Berlin, and was promptly brought back to her old home by Blücher. Before her travels the goddess had been driving her fiery steeds towards the Tiergarten; she was replaced, however, on the gate facing the Linden and the Schloss.

The Berlin people took the loss of their "Victoria" terribly to heart, and an amusing anecdote is told of

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Friedrich Ludwig Jahn, the founder and famous teacher of gymnastics in Germany. Seeing one of his pupils playing one day before Brandenburg Gate, Jahn asked him what was missing on that fine structure. The boy naturally replied : "The Victoria." "And," asked his master, "what do you think about it?" The boy didn't think anything particular about it, and said so, whereupon he received a box on the ears with the words : "You are to think it must be brought back again!" Certainly Jahn did his best personally to bring the trophy back, for soon after that incident he went into battle with a whole troop of his elder pupils, and distinguished himself by special bravery, as became the "Father of Gymnastics."

After the Franco-German War was over, and the King of Prussia had been crowned German Emperor at Versailles, the Linden witnessed a spectacle, which nobody who saw it will ever forget. On June 16, 1871, when the trees were in full blossom and fragrance, the Emperor William I. made his triumphal entry into Berlin at the head of his army. Through the Brandenburg Gate towards the Schloss they came. The enthusiasm was indescribable. Mothers, wives, and sisters ran to meet their loved ones, home returning—dusty and weary, many with bandaged heads and limbs, many of them lying in the ambulances—and clung to them as though they would never let them go. Others crowned the warriors with laurel-wreaths in the wild joy and excitement. Tears of mingled joy and grief—for many would never return home again—were on all faces, and the eyes of the Emperor, sitting on his horse, with Moltke and Bismarck at his side, in the

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midst of the battle-worn flags and the cheering thousands, were wet too. The old benches all along the centre of the Linden, on which whoever was first in the crowd of spectators managed to get an inch or two of standing room to see the never-ending procession, are there still, among the many newer additions, and there they will certainly be permitted to remain till they drop to pieces.

And then—saddest sight of all that the Linden has ever witnessed—the funeral procession of the old Emperor passed down the middle avenue on that bitter March day in the eventful year of 1888—three eights, three Kaisers! Never was a monarch more beloved. The kindly consideration for all with whom he came in contact, his unassuming manner and simple mode of living, his unblemished character, gained him the deeply rooted love of his subjects, which exceeded even their admiration of him as a hero. He had suffered with them, and he had given them an Empire. He had been one with his people all his life; his ninetyeth birthday had been celebrated with universal rejoicings; and now he had passed from them. Berlin was a city of mourning; strong men wept, and were not ashamed of their tears.

For several days the body of the much-loved Sovereign lay in state in the old Cathedral—an unpretending building, now replaced by a handsome edifice. The cold was so intense that charcoal fires were lighted in the streets for the guard, yet the crowds stood patiently and silently for hours, waiting their turn to enter. Nearly all the crowned heads of Europe came for the funeral, and the procession was over a mile in

Unter den Linden

length. William I. was laid to rest in the Mausoleum at Charlottenburg, adjoining Berlin, whither, two years later, his widow, the Empress Augusta, followed him.

Nowadays Unter den Linden is very gay. There is always something doing there, and there are always so many people "bummelling" along that you would never take Berlin to be the busy, hustling city that it really is. When any foreign monarchs come to Berlin, and are received in state, the Linden is the scene of a great deal of display. Platforms are erected in Pariser Platz, the large space just inside Brandenburg Gate, and there the royal carriages make a halt for the occupants to listen to the Mayor's welcome to the city. Then the Maids-of-Honour—pretty girls in white—present flowers to the august visitors, and the *cortège*, with its bands and guard of honour, and all the rest of it, proceeds at a walking pace along the centre avenue to the Schloss. Thus it was on the memorable visit of King Edward and Queen Alexandra. The entire Linden was decorated with festoons of roses, triumphal arches, and flags, while many of the buildings exhibited exquisite floral designs and mottoes. The whole front of the Opera House, I remember, was covered with flowers of royal blue—a beautiful sight which delighted their Majesties particularly.

The royal carriages passing to and fro help to keep the Linden lively. It is very interesting to see the Emperor riding his handsome grey horse, or, sometimes, the well-known chestnut with the white socks, attended by a number of officers in uniform, and followed by the equerries and grooms in gorgeous

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liveries. The cavalcade usually goes at a walking pace till it reaches the Tiergarten, so you can see His Majesty easily, and if you make a very nice curtsy, you may perhaps get a special salute all to yourself. On review days, when the Emperor and his sons ride along the Linden at the head of the flags, enthusiasm rises to boiling pitch, and the cheering almost drowns the bands. It used to be the ambition of Princess Victoria Luise, when she was a small girl, to ride at her father's side on these occasions, and she felt very envious of her brothers, who were allowed to do so.

CHAPTER V

UNTER DEN LINDEN (*continued*)

Just inside Brandenburg Gate, in Pariser Platz, is the French Embassy and the Guard's Casino. Passing up the Linden a little farther, we come to the Russian Embassy, where any member of the reigning family coming to Berlin usually puts up in preference to a hotel. The little Greek Catholic Chapel for the Russian colony is there too. Just round the corner, in the Wilhelm Strasse, is the British Embassy, a stately, old-fashioned building which often opens its hospitable doors to the English colony. Of course English residents love to go there, for they feel that for a brief space they are on English ground. In the handsome ball-room there is a large portrait of the late Queen Victoria.

The Wilhelm Strasse is the street of palaces and diplomacy. The Foreign Office, the Home Office, and



PALACE KAISER WILHELM I. WITH HISTORIC CORNER WINDOW.

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the Imperial Chancellor's Palace are there. When Bismarck was Chancellor, the famous Congress of European Powers for the settling of the Eastern Question was held in the large hall of the Palace in 1878. A great artist has painted the scene, and among the many statesmen who are easily recognized in the foreground is Benjamin Disraeli. The study of the Iron Chancellor, as Prince Bismarck was called, remains much the same as it was in his days. His favourite writing-table, very old and plain and bespattered with ink, may be seen, and near it one of newer pattern that was evidently little used. Princess Friedrich Leopold, the sister of the Empress, who is married to the brother of the Duchess of Connaught, and Prince August Wilhelm, the Emperor's fourth son, live in the Wilhelm Strasse during the season.

Farther up, the Linden is crossed by the busy Friedrich Strasse—said to be the longest street in Europe—and forms the corner known to every Berlin child as the Kranzler-Ecke. Kranzlers is an old-established confectioner's, which has supplied the Imperial family with their cakes from time immemorial. On the opposite side of the corner is Café Bauer, where every visitor goes to see the famous frescoes. Then we come to the fine statue of Frederick the Great. That famous monarch was a devoted friend to all animals, and he never wore spurs. Sometimes a sculptor, ignorant of this fact or forgetting it, makes a statue of the King with spurs—there is one in Potsdam Park—and then, of course, he is much ridiculed by those who know.

Near the statue is the Palace of the old Emperor,

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with the historical corner window where he used to stand every day about noon to watch the chief guard pass. And all round the statue stood hundreds of people, daily, to see and salute the beloved Sovereign. I saw him there ten days before his death, smiling his kindly smile at us all. The Emperor William was very hard-working, and one day his doctor begged His Majesty to take a rest, saying he knew he must be tired. "I have no time to be tired," was the Emperor's reply, and the words have now passed into a proverb. When the Emperor grew weaker, the physician tried to deter him from standing at the window. "Oh no!" said His Majesty, smiling, "Baedeker says I am there at this hour, and the people expect it of me, so go I must."

Another authentic anecdote is told of the Emperor and the historical window. One day a very distinguished person was announced, and entered His Majesty's study. To the visitor's astonishment, the Emperor had his back turned to him and was looking out of the window, in which attitude he remained for several minutes. Then, turning round, he shook hands with the new-comer, saying, in his own simple, hearty manner: "Please forgive me for my rudeness, but there was an old peasant in the crowd holding up his little grandchild. He had probably come a long way to see his Kaiser, and I couldn't hurry away." Needless to relate, the distinguished person, after such an explanation, no longer felt himself slighted. This room has been left just as it was when the Emperor occupied it, and it is shown to visitors with the rest of the Palace.

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Over the road, on the south side of the Linden, is the Arsenal, full of interesting things, including fine descriptive pictures. Then comes the University, which is not much of a building to look at, but very famous, with over 6,000 students, among whom are now a good many women. You may see scores of students at almost any hour going in and out, many of them in gaily coloured caps and striped ribbons across their chests. These are "Corps" students, members of various orders, whose chief sport is the *Mensur*, or University duel. The Corps members are pledged, before being admitted, to fight a certain number of these duels each term. It requires a good deal of courage to stand up, sword in hand, and face another sword, for woe betide the man who flinches, or even blinks, when he receives a cut! His prestige for all time depends upon his standing firm. It seems a strange sport to the English, and surely there are healthier sports that are quite as manly; but most Germans say the *Mensur* steels the nerves and makes a man courageous. Certainly a student is always very proud of his wounds, the scars of which are often most unsightly, and generally remain with him all his life.

Another strange custom of University students is the *Kommers*, which is really a beer-drinking party of great dimensions. The undergraduates, to celebrate some special occasion, meet in a large public hall, where long tables are covered with mugs of beer. There are speeches and songs of a patriotic and humorous kind, interspersed by toasts, and the waiters fill and refill the mugs as fast as they can. German students drink far more beer than is good for them; but the Emperor

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and Crown Prince are so opposed to the practice that it is gradually lessening. Students' songs are many of them very pretty, and are generally very well sung, while a great many of them have been handed down from generation to generation.

In Unter den Linden is the Crown Prince's town residence, which was formerly known as the Empress Frederick's Palace. You may see from the street a window that opens in the English fashion—probably the only one in Berlin. That is a window in the late Empress's studio. Perhaps you do not know that the Empress Frederick was an admirable artist, but such was the case, and many of her pictures adorn the walls of her sons' and grandsons' Palaces. The Opera House is in Unter den Linden. It is a plain building and unworthy of Berlin; but its successor, which is to be in the Tiergarten, will be one of the finest in the world.

Opposite the Opera House is the chief Guard House, and behind it is a chestnut-grove, called the *Kastanienwald*. Here you will notice a rusty old cannon whose history is worth relating. It dates back to the reign of the Electors of Germany, whose property it was. Whenever one of the Margraves had a little war of his own on hand, which was rather frequent in those times, the cannon—being the only one anywhere about—was lent to him. The peasants, who had to drag the heavy machine over hill and dale, disliked it exceedingly, and gave it the name of "Lazy Gretchen." And "the lazy Gretchen" it is called to this day by the Berlin children, who climb up it when the policeman's back is turned.

Unter den Linden

At the end of the Unter den Linden is the Emperor's Castle, the Schloss, an imposing building where, during the Berlin season, all the Court functions are held. The season is not, like the London season, in spring, but begins at the New Year and ends before March. The Schloss stands boldly out upon the street. There is no garden to speak of; the only space that could be called by that name extends along the side of the river, which is the most ancient part of the building. From this spot the Imperial children used to let down—surreptitiously, for it was a dangerous pastime—long fishing-lines, baited with anything they could obtain from the neighbouring kitchens, into the water. Their patience was seldom rewarded, for the fish were scarce at that place and very wary.

The Schloss contains over 700 rooms altogether, including the beautiful White Hall, where the courts and balls are held, the Picture Gallery, and the Knights' Hall. There is a private theatre, and the Court Chapel is also under the same roof. Part of the building is very old, and there is even a ghost in connection with it. This is a White Lady, who is said to appear shortly before the death of any member of the Hohenzollern family. Anyone is allowed to go over the Schloss when their Majesties are out of town. It is an interesting experience, which has its humorous side. The floors of the rooms being all highly polished, walking boots would scratch them, and therefore all visitors are compelled to don huge felt slippers. It is great fun shuffling across the big rooms, and, of course, when the guide is not looking, everyone yields to a temptation to slide.

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On fine days when their Majesties are in residence at the Schloss, they often drive to the pretty little Bellevue Palace in the Tiergarten, and take a walk in the gardens there. The Palace is now the residence, in the season, of Prince Eitel Friedrich, the Emperor's second son. The Bellevue Palace plays an important part in the history of the reigning family of Prussia. Whenever a Crown Prince or Heir Presumptive is about to marry, his bride takes up her residence there a day or two beforehand, her mother usually accompanying her. The day before the wedding she is fetched in State by the reigning Empress to the Schloss, where she is welcomed by her future husband and the Emperor. The Linden is gaily decorated, and the procession is very imposing, the Princess and the Empress riding in a glass coach drawn by six gorgeously caparisoned steeds.

Near the Schloss—so close, in fact, that grumblers declare only the Imperial family can see it properly—is the National Monument to the first Emperor. It is a magnificent piece of work in bronze. The Emperor is represented sitting on his favourite charger. A beautiful girl, holding a palm-branch in one hand, is leading the horse. Reinhold Begas, the sculptor, took his own daughter as the model for this figure.

The front of the Schloss opens on to a vast square called the Lustgarten, on the opposite sides of which are the new Cathedral, the Old Museum, and the National Gallery. Here it is that a review of recruits is often held by the Emperor, and here on Sunday mornings after church-time a fine military band plays while the people promenade. When the Emperor's

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children were little, they were often seen at the Schloss windows, looking at the animated scene, and smiling down, to the delight of the loyal Berliners below.

CHAPTER VI

BERLIN BOYS AND GIRLS

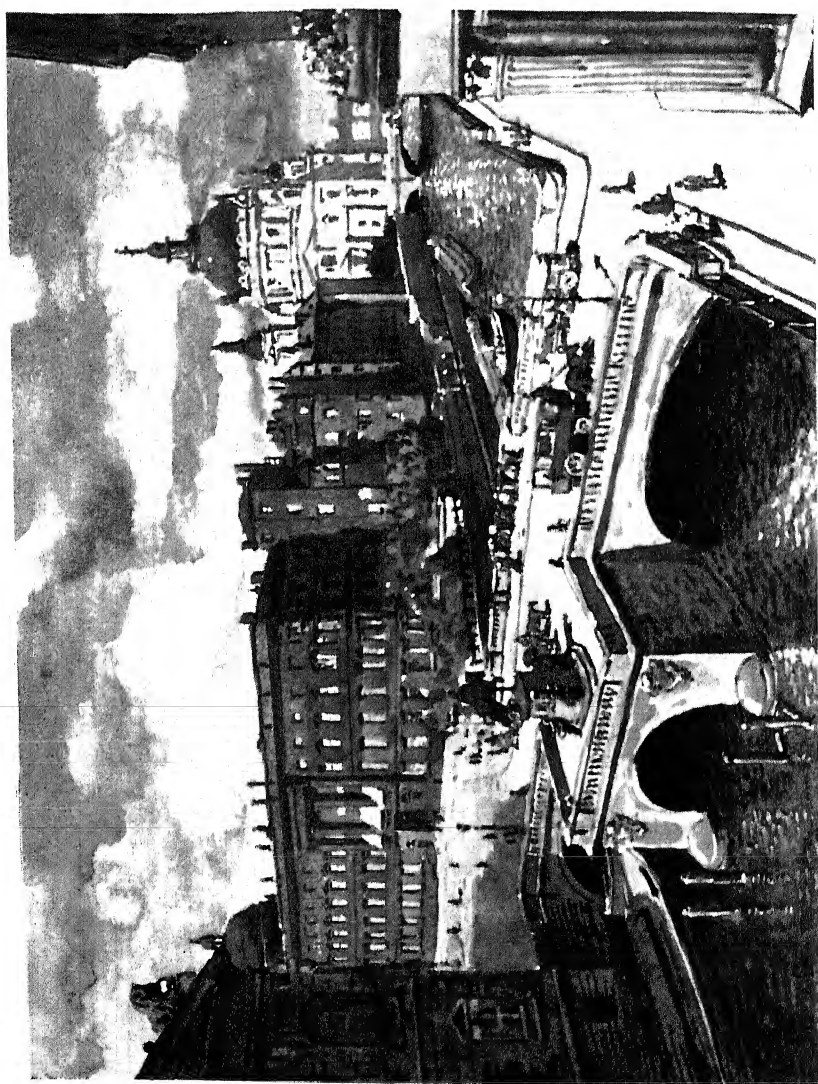
Boys and girls in Germany have to work very hard indeed at school, as no doubt you know. The boys are, in this respect, worse off than the girls, and very little time is left over for games. The authorities, however, are gradually coming to a knowledge of the fact that all work and no play makes Hans a dull boy, and there is a marked tendency to give him more outdoor exercise and curtail his school-hours. No doubt before long there will be a change for the better, but at present the Berlin schoolboy is rather to be pitied. He begins school, according to the law of the land, at the age of six, and leaves it usually about eighteen, although you often see lads of nineteen, or even twenty, in the first class, which is equivalent to the English sixth form ; these are slower of learning than the others, and, failing to pass the yearly examination once or twice, have had to go through the whole class again.

No slate and pencil for the small fingers of the boy beginning his lessons, but business-like pen and ink, as his sailor blouses visibly prove. He commences right away to learn German and Latin printed letters, and German and Latin written characters—a sufficient trial in itself—and by the time he is twelve an average Berlin boy is learning Latin and Greek, French, and

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German, for his own language is so difficult that it is years before he acquires it properly. He has to be at school at eight o'clock, and lessons go on until one, or even two, o'clock; and often there are afternoon lessons too. When you remember that the home-work is so much and so difficult that the majority of boys have to have a master specially engaged to help them with it, you will readily understand that there is little time left for sports and games. The reason why so many Germans wear glasses is that their eyes have been overstrained by work when they were boys at school. German girls work hard too, but they are better off than the boys, in not having compulsory Latin and Greek, unless, indeed, they attend a *Gymnasium* or grammar-school, as is becoming more and more the case of late years.

Berlin children, in spite of the hard work, generally love their school. Towards eight in the morning the streets are full of merry youngsters hastening along. They carry their books in a leather knapsack strapped tightly to their shoulders, and their lunch—usually “black” bread sandwiches with some tasty kind of sausage—in a small basket suspended from the neck by a leather strap. When they arrive at the age of fourteen or thereabouts this mode is considered babyish, and the books are carried in a professional-looking leather case under the arm, and the sandwich is tucked away in a corner out of sight. There is a break of ten or fifteen minutes every hour in all Berlin schools, and an interval of fifteen minutes for lunch. During each interval the pupils must leave the class-room, either to walk in the passages or run about in the playground,



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according to weather, so that the rooms can be well aired in the meantime.

A pleasant feature of Berlin schools of all sorts is the excursion often made by the various classes with their respective teachers. There is generally an object-lesson in connection with the outing. Thus in summer a class of some thirty children will be taken to the Zoo, where the animals and their habits are explained to them, or an excursion is made in an abnormally big covered waggonette, known as a *Kremse*, to the surrounding woods, where games are played. In winter sometimes the children are taken to the museums and art-galleries, where there is, of course, plenty to learn about all sorts of useful things. The authorities are always eager to promote juvenile education in any form, and schools can generally obtain free admission, with a teacher in charge, to any exhibition that may be going on.

Berlin school-children do not have such long holidays as English children. The summer vacation begins early in July, and lasts five weeks, and there is a fortnight at Easter and Christmas, and about ten days at Michaelmas. But there are all kinds of fête-days that are eagerly looked forward to as breaks in the studies. On Review Day in spring and autumn the schools are closed by the Emperor's orders, in order that the children may go to see the display. Ascension Day is kept as a holiday, and Reformation Day too. Then there is *Busstag*—a day originally set apart annually for prayer and penance, but now passed cheerfully by everyone. This holiday always falls on the middle Wednesday between Easter and Whitsun-

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tide, so it is a capital day for excursions into the country. The Emperor's birthday is a holiday, as a matter of course, and is always very gay.

The German schoolgirl of about fourteen is termed for no obvious reason a *Backfisch*. The word implies a baked fish, but I have never been able to trace its application to the German "flapper." Yet there it is, and it must be accepted seriously, for *Backfisch* hats and jackets and dresses have their special departments in all the millinery and dressmaking establishments and in the illustrated catalogues. When the *Backfisch* attains the age of sixteen she is confirmed, and becomes a young lady. This is the first important step in her life. Confirmation here is not merely the religious rite that it is in England : it is an event of vast moment to the confirmee, for he or she is afterwards no longer addressed by the familiar and childish *Du*, but by the respectful *Sie*, just the same as grown-ups.

The girls are prepared by a clergyman for some time beforehand ; they attend regular classes at his house, and the same pastor who has instructed them performs the ceremony of confirmation, there being no bishops in the Lutheran Church. They go to church clad in sombre black, the skirt generally reaching to the ground, and wearing no hat or veil. The well-to-do ones drive, but the rest walk, and, as the Confirmations are held in early spring, the girls sometimes look very cold ; for a jacket or wrap of any kind is taboo, as it would spoil the effect. A quaint custom demands that every article of clothing worn by either a girl or boy at Confirmation must be quite new for the occasion. The boys wear black also, and long trousers

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—usually for the first time—with a myrtle-twig in their button-hole. Every boy and girl carries a large hymn-book—new, of course, like the rest—and the girls carry a bouquet of white flowers as well.

Confirmation Day in the home of well-to-do families is a great festival ; a birthday—festive as German birthdays are—is nothing in comparison. The girls receive costly gifts of jewellery from parents and relatives, and books, bon-bons, and other presents from their friends. They hold quite a *levée* in their homes all day long, and everyone who comes to congratulate brings a beautiful bunch of flowers, so that soon the rooms look like conservatories. The boys generally have their first watch and chain on Confirmation Day, to say nothing of other long-coveted gifts.

Berlin girls are very well educated. They speak French and English, as a rule, excellently, and often Italian too, and they have a sound knowledge of literature and mathematics. The German authorities are very strict. All schools are subject to Government inspection, and nobody is allowed to instruct in any branch without having passed the teachers' examination, which is very stiff.

After Confirmation a girl generally leaves school, and is then sent to a *pension*, or finishing school, in Switzerland, France, or England, for a year or so. Then she returns home, and is considered out, a ball being frequently given to launch her into society. Of late years—and especially in Berlin—a good many girls go in for the higher women's educational career, and study at a seminary, or matriculate and go to the University. There they pass their various examina-

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tions, and not unfrequently take their degree, when they are exalted above their ordinary girl-friends by obtaining the title of "Fräulein Doctor." Cooking-classes and housekeeping courses are nearly always attended by a German girl after she has left school, for, no matter how high a station she will take in life, she is supposed to have a practical knowledge of both these branches, or her education is not considered complete. The idea, however, that German ladies pass their time in the kitchen after they are married, and have no other interests but domestic ones, is, of course, too absurd to need refuting.

Many German girls—though, happily, not all—look upon matrimony as the chief aim of existence, and many marry very young. Some of them begin at the *Backfisch* period to prepare for the important state by setting up a *Hamsterkasten*. *Kasten* is German for box, but what *Hamster* signifies in this connection nobody knows. The store-box contains everything in the way of fancy-work and knick-knacks that a girl can make or collect. German girls are particularly skilful with their needles and very fond of fancy-work; so you may imagine how the *Hamsterkasten* swells by the time its owner has found a suitable *Bräutigam*. A betrothal in Germany is a ceremonious and binding affair. Printed notices are sent out by the future bridegroom and the parents of the bride *in spe*; all the friends and relations call to congratulate, armed with the customary bouquet, and there is generally a grand party to celebrate the event. The gentleman visits his *fiancée* every day, and, as a rule, only dances with her at a ball, while she is equally exclusive. The

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engagement is of short duration, which is a happy dispensation for all parties. Very often a German marriage is a business arrangement, for Government positions are not well paid, and the officers have extremely slender salaries, so in such cases a substantial dot is considered of first importance. The Germans, being thrifty, a girl of even the poorer classes will have her marriage portion, and it falls to her lot to furnish the home—a custom that seems strange to English girls. All that the bridegroom has to do is to keep things going afterwards.

German brothers and sisters are very affectionate towards each other. A big schoolboy will play with the little ones very nicely, and take a small brother's or sister's hand along the street. He will kiss his father and mother and sisters, as a matter of course, however public the place, if he has not seen them for any length of time. He is never ashamed of showing his love for them. Little girls make a curtsy when greeted by grown-up people, and well-bred boys always kiss a lady's hand.

Birthdays play an important part in a German child's life, and he or she always provides a "wishing-list" to aid the selection of gifts by generously disposed relatives. The "birthday-child"—which is the name he goes by until ever so old—finds his table ready for him when he gets up, everything having been prepared by loving hands overnight. The *Torte* has the place of honour. It is a big round cake, flat, and most delicious, with the owner's name in chocolate or sugar letters. Sometimes candles are lighted round the cake, as many candles as the birthday-child has years, with

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one big one in the middle which is called the candle of life. All these lights must burn themselves out, and never be extinguished, or it is considered most unlucky. The table is covered with a white cloth, and the presents are laid all about and around, with plenty of flowers in vases and growing in pots. All day long friends are coming in, bringing more flowers and presents, and everyone must eat a slice of the *Torte* and drink to the health of the hero or heroine. The day usually ends with a merry party, with games and the inevitable tombola, or a dance, according to the age and taste of the birthday-child.

It has of late years become the fashion to have English nurses for small Berlin children, and in the Tiergarten you hear a great deal of English. Some people take French or Swiss nurses for their children, but the Spreewald nurses are the most popular of all. The Spreewald is an interesting and very romantic district some sixty miles from Berlin, where about two hundred arms of the River Spree intersect the wooded marshy land for thirty miles. It is a miniature Venice. You traverse the whole district in boats, and it is a very pretty trip indeed. The inhabitants, who live in log-houses, are a Wendish race, and talk a funny sort of dialect, unintelligible to Germans.

The girls and women wear a very quaint and picturesque costume. A scarlet skirt, remarkably short, and standing out like a crinoline above its myriads of petticoats, a big white-lace apron, and a flowered fichu which is folded across a short-sleeved bodice of black velvet. The head-dress is a most wonderful arrangement. It is composed of white, or sometimes

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flowered print to match the fichu, very stiff, and folded deftly to project nearly half a yard on either side of the head. The girls are very healthy, and make capital nurses ; the babies under their care always look particularly bonny and well groomed.

CHAPTER VII

AMUSEMENTS AND SPORTS

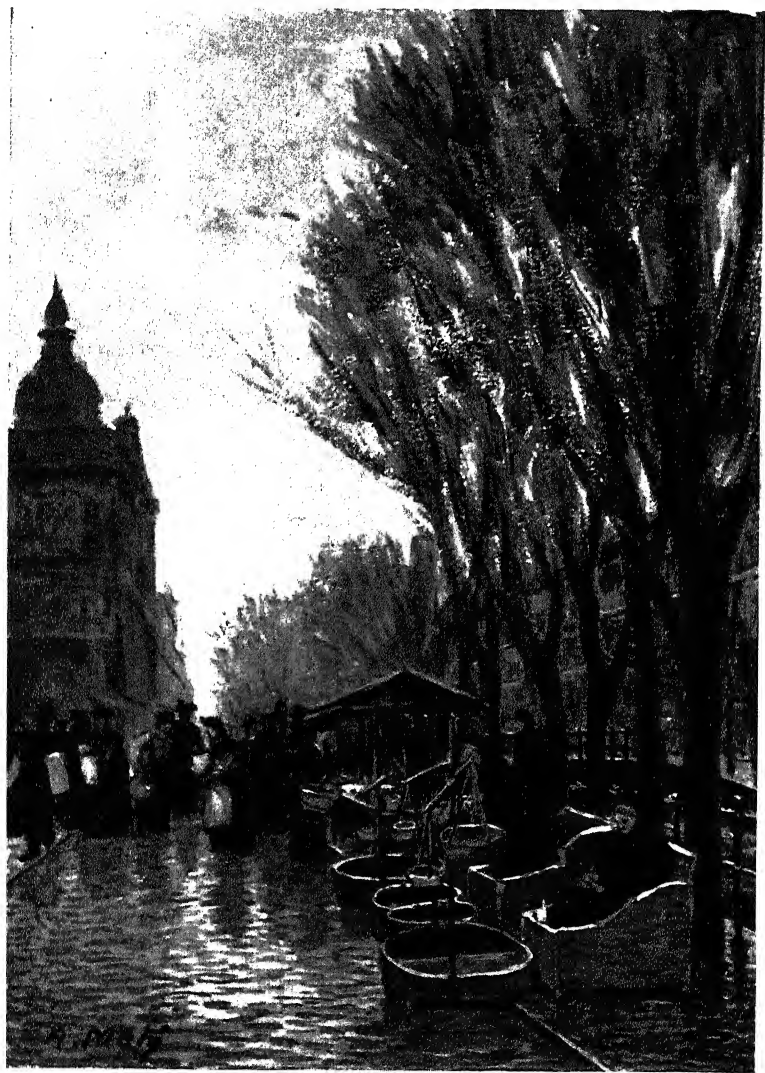
WHEN I was young there used to be a riddle—perhaps it is in existence still—“ Why is Berlin the liveliest city in the world ?” The answer is : “ Because it is always on the Spree.” The riddle is not quite accurate ; the name of the river is not pronounced “ spree,” but “ spray,” and the Prussian capital is, of course, not to be compared with Paris, for instance, in gaiety. Nevertheless, Berlin provides plenty of amusement for both visitors and residents. The theatres are fine, and the acting at many of them is perfectly splendid. The theatre managers never go in for the star system—that is, engage one great artist for the chief rôle and trouble little about the rest. They employ excellent all-round casts, even the smallest part being well rendered, as a rule, while the acting is as true to life as art can make it. No German actress minds sacrificing her appearance and making herself quite old and ugly, if the rôle she is to play demands it.

Shakespeare is admirably translated and magnificently acted. The Germans love Shakespeare, and his plays, it is said, are more frequently performed here than in England. The Emperor has Shakespeare

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performances put on very often at the royal theatres, and frequently attends them himself. The great English dramatist's famous words, "Plays are as mirrors, in which we see how bad we are, how good we ought to be," appeal to the German school authorities, who look upon the theatre as an educational factor. There are, every winter in Berlin, special performances of classical plays for school-children, given at good theatres. They are in the afternoon; the prices are very low; and there is never an empty seat in the house. Thus children become pleasantly familiar with Schiller and Shakespeare, and other great dramatists, and have their special favourites in the classics at a very early age. Pantomimes, as they are known in London, are not given in Berlin, the Germans only calling wordless plays by the name of pantomime. But there are delightful fairy-plays during the Christmas holidays, of which you will read more in another chapter. Of late years the cinematographic theatres have become immensely popular, and many of the films are really capital lessons in natural history and geography.

Germany is the home of music, and Berlin is the acknowledged centre of it. If German children are really talented, they begin to study at a very early age; but, as a rule, their parents are too sensible, and too good judges of music themselves, to allow them to learn any instrument for which they have neither talent nor inclination. This is a great blessing for the children, while other people are spared the infliction of listening to poor attempts. Haweis says, in his book called "Music and Morals": "In Germany people never pretend to play, and if they know nothing



POTS DAM. FISH MARKET.

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about it, they can afford to be silent." This is especially the case in Berlin. The music-schools are famous all the world over, and boys and girls come from every part to study. The concerts form a liberal education of themselves. Their moderate prices bring the best that can be offered within the reach of all. At most of them you hear English all round you in the intervals, and this is particularly noticeable at the "Pops" in the big Philharmonic Hall, with its superb orchestra. At the cheap popular concerts you can, if you like, have supper while the music is going on. Most people do this : a family, or party of friends, taking up a table for themselves. The waiters go about on tiptoe, the clatter of knives and forks is hushed, and no one is disturbed. A good meal is enjoyed, and a Wagner Overture or Strauss Symphony at the same time ; it is all a matter of education or custom.

The Germans are extremely fond of dancing. Children learn to dance when they are very young, and the weekly *Tanzstunde* is eagerly looked forward to by both boys and girls. Berlin people are never too old for this amusement. The papas and mammas will dance with each other, and with elderly friends, at a ball with as much animation as their children, and a tall son will beg for a polka with his mother, and *Papachen* will invite his fair-haired young daughter to waltz with him quite as a usual thing. Fancy-dress balls are very general among all classes, both public and private ones, and there are special shops for hiring costumes, which do a big trade in Carnival time. The *Maskenbälle* are usually given on Saturday ; and you may often meet, on foot or in the tram, late in the

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evening, a knight in glittering armour, or a bare-legged Tyrolese, or a Mary Queen of Scots, and on closer inspection you will very likely recognize the young men from the little grocer's shop round the corner and your neighbour's cook. You may be sure they will dance all night, and go straight to work in the morning, after exchanging their armour, etc., for everyday attire. Germans are such indefatigable dancers that it has been computed an average dancer at a ball of seven hours' duration covers twenty-eight miles.

Sport has received a great impetus of late years in Berlin. The Germans were always splendid gymnasts, for gymnastics have ever been an important feature in schools, and later on boys and girls, and grown-up people too, go in largely for them, in the big, well-fitted halls that every district possesses for the purpose. Then the cold of a Berlin winter affords such fine opportunities for skating that there is hardly a boy or girl who does not excel in that sport. And what splendid fun it is! Whatever has been in summer a tennis-court or a beer-garden is transformed into a capital skating-ground in the winter, and has the advantage of being so safe that fond mammas need never be anxious, for you couldn't drown in an ice-covered garden if you tried.

The proprietor of the gardens floods them every night with a huge hose, doing it very carefully, so that the ice may freeze evenly, and in the morning there is a beautiful sheet, looking like glass. When large enough, there is a band and refreshment-tent, and in the evening the grounds are lighted up with gay Chinese lanterns and electric lamps. They are always crowded

Amusements and Sports

with a merry throng of young and old, or, at least, elderly folks. Then there are plenty of artificial lakes and rivers in the parks and the outskirts of Berlin, and when it is very cold the River Havel is frozen, with all its large and beautiful lakes. There is glorious sport then, and you may skate, if you like, all the way from Potsdam to Brandenburg, a distance of more than forty miles. Several enormous skating-rinks of artificial ice have lately sprung up in Berlin, which are always full of people keeping themselves in practice.

A great many Berlin boys and girls cycle to school, and there are innumerable cycling-clubs, the members of which make long tours together. Tennis is now usual everywhere, having long superseded the once so popular croquet. The courts are always gravelled, which has the advantage over grass of never being damp, and they are kept rolled as smoothly as a billiard-table by the people who let them. You may often see as many as thirty sets going on together on one ground. Football is played a good deal, as well as hockey; ice-hockey is a very favourite game. Polo, not very long ago unknown, is now played with much ardour by the officers, a club having been founded by the Crown Prince, who is very fond of the game. Cricket is, strange to say, never played in Berlin, and golf but little.

Berlin boys and girls are capital swimmers. There are plenty of fine swimming-baths belonging to the various municipalities. They are kept scrupulously clean, and the admission-fee is very low, and so is the cost of instruction, which is given by an excellent teacher all day long. Children learn to swim at a

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very early age. I have seen tiny dots, who could hardly run, swim like frogs. The Emperor's enthusiasm for everything aquatic is well known. His Majesty would like to introduce a University race here, like the Oxford and Cambridge boat-race, and he always makes a point of attending the regatta of the Berlin rowing-clubs, on the Upper Spree, in August. Most of the boys' big schools have their rowing-clubs now, either on the Spree or the beautiful Wannsee Lake, and sailing on the large lakes round Berlin is very general.

Of late years mixed bathing has been permitted in a secluded part of the Wannsee Lake beach. It is a tremendous success. Thousands of families who have never seen the sea, and probably never will, enjoy themselves in the sunshine, paddling and splashing about in the tiny waves. Swimmers can, of course, have a splendid time, and small children are safe and happy on the smooth sands of the gradually sloping beach. Use of the dressing-rooms costs a penny, but many families improvise a tent with rugs and sticks in the bushes, which is cheaper and more fun. The city provides people to see that order is kept, but there is never any need to interfere; the bathers are too happy to get rowdy. Sunday is the day when the *Familienbad* is the most frequented, and a continuous service of extra trains and motor omnibuses can scarcely convey the crowds to and from the city on a hot day.

Riding is far less general in Berlin than in London. Germans, excepting the cavalry officers, are poor horsemen on the whole, and there are very few ladies who ride really well. Early in the morning is the favourite time for riding in the Tiergarten. By the

Amusements and Sports

Emperor's orders a military band plays there now, to add to the rider's pleasure. Ballooning has become a fashionable sport, and here, as elsewhere, the very latest sport is flying. The aviation ground at Johannisthal, near Berlin, always presents a busy scene—air-men coming and going, giving their mechanics instructions, ascending on their various aeroplanes, and sometimes, unhappily, coming a cropper. There are often as many as five or six in the air at once. The Johannisthal ground, which is 750 acres in extent, is one of the best arranged aviation fields in the world. The Emperor's brother, Prince Heinrich, is an ardent aviator, and gained his pilot's certificate in an unusually short time.

As to the huge airships, they have become quite a common sight. One or more may be seen most days in spring and summer passing over the Berlin streets, sometimes so low that you can almost count the people in the cars. These majestic dirigibles still arouse a good deal of enthusiasm, and it is the height of every Berlin schoolboy's ambition to go for a sail in one—whether in a Zeppelin, Parseval, Siemens, or military, is all the same to him.

CHAPTER VIII

SOME TRADITIONAL CUSTOMS

BERLIN, like most other great cities, has all kinds of customs peculiar to itself, some of which are very quaint and curious. On certain days in the week, usually towards evening, you will notice a chair, tied

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round with a large white apron, standing before the door of a butcher's shop, or hung up on the wall. This tells all passers-by that *frische Wurst*—a kind of hot sausage, something like English "black pudding"—is to be had there at that particular time. The butcher who introduced this delicacy to the Berlin public many years ago, used to stand at his door in his big white apron, and smilingly invite people to step in and try it. He soon became a familiar figure in connection with *frische Wurst* nights, and after he was dead, his wife, with an eye to business, hit upon the original idea of dressing up a kitchen-chair in her husband's apron, and standing it before the door, in order that customers might not miss their wonted sausage.

At Whitsuntide it is a pretty custom, and a very old one, to decorate everything lavishly with branches of young birch-trees, the delicate green leaves of which lend themselves charmingly to decoration purposes. The Berliners call this young greenery *Maien*, no doubt because Whitsuntide often falls in the month of May, or *Mai*, and the birch is one of the earliest trees to become green. Carts laden with the branches are seen at all the corners of the streets on the Saturday before Whitsuntide. You can buy a bunch of the graceful twigs for a penny, and almost a whole tree for a few marks. No Berlin householder would dream of not having some *Maien* in every room, and the maid puts some in a vase in the kitchen for luck. At the shop-doors stand great bushes of birch in buckets of water, and all the drivers trim their horses with it. The effect is very pretty, and makes you feel quite festive.

Some Traditional Customs

Some of the Berlin shops have queer signs over their doors. The hairdresser displays a round brass plate or two, like a saucepan-lid, and butter-shops are easily recognized at a distance by a gilt ball. Wherever coals are sold—and many thousands of compressed coal-cakes will go tidily into a comparatively small shop—there is a sign of two hatchets crossed.

A very quaint and practical custom is one practised by the fish-wives at the Potsdam market. To prevent their feet from getting wet and to keep themselves comfortable generally, they sit in wooden open boxes, which contain a miniature charcoal stove, similar to those used in the tramcars in winter. Their living wares—perch and eels and carp, mostly—swim about in shallow tubs in front of them, and can be easily netted and weighed without the old woman—they are nearly all old—getting out of her snug pen. In summer the charcoal stove is not lighted, but the box is occupied just the same.

In the restaurants much of the beer is served in picturesque mugs of grey or blue stone, with pewter lids. They keep the contents very cool in summer, but, if you don't want a second filling, be sure you close the lid. If it is left open for a moment the waiter whisks it off and brings a fresh supply. This is an unwritten, and by no means unpopular, law of German beer-gardens.

There are certain days of the year when the thorough-going Berliner feels himself constrained to partake of certain dishes. Thus, on New Year's Eve, the standard supper, from the Imperial table downwards, is carp stewed in beer, with all sorts of spices, and a

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coarse kind of honey-cake. This is a very dainty dish, much nicer than you would at first think. The national sweet on New Year's Eve is *Mohnpiel*, a mixture of crushed poppy-seeds soaked in milk, to which are added bread-crumbs and currants. Later in the evening hot punch and dough-nuts are the correct thing for everyone, and these must also be consumed in great quantities on *Fastnacht*, or Shrove Tuesday evening.

In the good, old-fashioned Berlin restaurants you will always find a special dish in Thursday's bill of fare. It consists of boiled beef, with pease-pudding and *Sauerkraut*, and, though this does not commend itself generally to British visitors, it is a very popular German dish.

One of the most interesting and brilliant of all traditional customs is the Fête of the Orders, held every year at the Imperial Castle. It is a banquet given by their Majesties to all the holders of State decorations, without any regard to rank or standing. There are always several thousand guests, and the White Hall and the adjacent apartments are crowded. This democratic festival dates from the time of Frederick the Great. A Prince, with the diamond star of a distinguished Order on his coat, may perhaps sit next to his own groom, or to a worthy postman, with the humble, though honourable, medal of the *Allgemeine Ehrenzeichen*—the lowest decoration.

A deputation of the guests of various rank is always chosen to sit at the Emperor's own table, and the remainder are spread about at large tables. The menu-cards are the same as on other State occasions,



Some Traditional Customs

and the viands are equally good, so you may imagine how this feast is anticipated and appreciated. Perhaps the most fascinating feature of this wonderful banquet is the permission accorded to take home some of the dessert. The footmen have paper-bags all ready at hand for each guest, and there is as eager a rush to fill them as a due sense of the surroundings permits.

Once a worthy citizen of the small *bourgeoisie* had filled his bag to overflowing, no doubt thinking all the time how happy he would make the wife and youngsters at home with goodies from the Emperor's own table. It is possible that the unwonted potions from the Imperial cellarage were a little too much for the worthy citizen, but how it all happened nobody ever knew. Suddenly there was a slip; the bag burst, and its toothsome contents were rolling in all directions over the polished floor, while its owner nearly wept with shame and confusion. Up sprang the Crown Prince, and, in his own pleasant manner, set the disconcerted guest at his ease with some laughing remark. Then, scrambling after the scattered goodies, he soon collected them with the younger Princes' assistance, and put them into a new bag, which he handed to the now proud and happy citizen.

The illuminations on the Emperor's birthday have been an institution ever since anyone can remember. They are magnificent; the whole city seems ablaze. His Majesty's birthday falling in January, the illuminations begin early, so that even small children can be taken to see them. Unter den Linden is the most brilliant part, and the middle promenade is so crowded that you can only go at a snail's pace, so you can admire

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everything at leisure. The hotels put up gigantic "W's," with arrangements of wreaths and crowns and mottoes, all of which are formed of coloured electric lamps. On the roof of the Schloss, on Brandenburg Gate, and other buildings, Greek fires are burnt, and a very general mode of illumination is the placing of rows of white candles between the double panes in every window. The effect, in the case of hotels and other lofty houses, is remarkably fine.

CHAPTER IX

BERLIN SHOPS

ALTHOUGH Berlin, as a whole, cannot compare with London and Paris in the matter of fashion, it has of late years acquired finer shops of the store-department kind—to use an American expression—than any other city in Europe. In the busy Leipziger Strasse there are several of these big buildings, the king of them all being Wertheims, which employs 5,000 assistants, who have their own refreshment- and lounge-rooms and a roof-garden. Foreign visitors and country cousins sometimes spend a whole day there. You can leave your wraps in the cloak-room, and you soon feel quite at home. There is a winter garden, with tall palms and a wealth of exquisite flowers, a miniature waterfall, and stream with goldfish, and real singing-birds warbling in the branches. There is a summer garden, and a marble hall where one can rest, and, of course, a first-class restaurant, and an extra tea-room for the now fashionable "fife o'clock."

Berlin Shops

The toy-department is a fairy region for children, just as other parts are for their elders. Every description of article can be bought, and everything is so temptingly laid out that it is said a million marks' worth of things are stolen annually. The entire building, the work of the most famous architect in all Germany, is one of the handsomest in Berlin, and covers an enormous area.

Berlin possesses the most beautiful flower-shops anyone can imagine, and a very large number of them. Flowers play an important part in German social life, and few people owning gardens or conservatories, the majority are dependent on the florist. When Berlin people go to the station to meet a relative returning home, or a friend coming on a visit, they take flowers with them as a welcoming greeting. The same custom prevails when you leave. All the friends who come to see you off put lovely blossoms into your hands, and if by the time you reach your destination they are faded, they have fulfilled their mission by filling your carriage with sweet fragrance the whole way. Besides the presents of flowers on birthdays and Confirmation days, it is quite the correct thing for a gentleman paying a visit to take a bouquet to the lady of the house—a custom which is often a strain on a limited purse.

The Germans are very faithful to the memory of their dead. The cemeteries are most beautifully kept; the graves are like little gardens. The relatives pay regular visits, to plant, and weed, and water, and beneath the trees there is generally a tiny bench where the mourners may sit and meditate. On Sundays the cemeteries are crowded, and the little benches are

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all occupied. Children, in their best frocks, are taken to put flowers on the grave of some loved one who has gone from the family circle. Nobody is sad or morbid ; it is rather a pleasant outing to the Berlin people.

The Roman Catholics have their All Souls' Day, when candles are lighted on the graves, and the Lutherans have their equivalent in *Totensontag*, the Sunday of the Dead, which also falls in the month of November. The florists do an enormous trade on that day. From early morning till late in the afternoon the Berlin people, rich and poor, journey out to the cemeteries, by carriage, tramcar, or taxi-cab, carrying wreaths of holly or ivy of huge dimensions, or beautiful flowers and palms, if such an outlay can be afforded. No weather, however bad, deters them from paying what they consider a rightful tribute to the departed.

There are more cigar-shops in Berlin than almost any other kind of shop, and they are always at street corners, so that they may be seen better. Germans are inordinate smokers, and cigars are very cheap, because they are made on a large scale and the tobacco is grown in the country. You rarely see a working-man with a pipe, but seldom—no matter what he is doing—without a cigar, of which he can buy five for a penny. Of course, there are better and more expensive kinds to be had ; the imported ones are heavily taxed.

German cakes are delicious, and the Berlin confectioners' shops are a source of delight to the juveniles. Grown-up Germans have the proverbial sweet tooth, too, and you may often see a whole family at afternoon coffee—which takes the place of English tea—thoroughly enjoying themselves in the midst of a mountain

Berlin Shops

of cakes of all descriptions. Sunday is the great day, because then *Papachen* is present, and he has generally broader ideas regarding the children's capabilities than *Mutti*. The girls are in their best white frocks, the boys in clean sailor suits ; all are on their best behaviour, for it is often the great family event of the week. The chief beverage is rich chocolate with plenty of *Schlagsabne* (whipped cream) in it, and it is accompanied by a slice of *Torte*, or apple-tart, with more *Schlagsabne* ; or, if it happens to be the season, a strawberry tartlet. The parents will take coffee, with whipped cream in that ; in fact, it seems astonishing at first how much whipped cream a German can conveniently dispose of. When you have been in Berlin a little while, however, you wonder no longer, you like it so much yourself.

The Berlin shop-windows are arranged with great taste, many of the large establishments engaging lady-artists to undertake the decoration and setting, whereby a new vocation has been opened up for women-workers. Just as there are balcony competitions, so there are sometimes competitions for window-dressing, everything being done with the laudable desire to improve the appearance of the city.

CHAPTER X

THE LUNGS OF THE CITY

BERLIN is rich in beautiful parks, but the loveliest of them all is the *Tiergarten*, which is in the West and easy of access from all parts. You may fancy yourself

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in a deep forest in places, while in others there are long vistas of green wooded meadows and lakes, and shady, winding paths of indescribable beauty. Plenty of rowing-boats are to be had on the New Lake, and here children can row in perfect safety, in delightful backwaters and round the little islands where the wild ducks build. These tiny islands are very tempting, but it is strictly forbidden to explore them. Everywhere Nature is luxurious, and the grass and masses of flowers and flowering shrubs receive the greatest care. There are benches in abundance, and many big playgrounds in specially pretty spots for children, so that they can enjoy themselves at will without disturbing or being disturbed by their elders. The principal sport of the tiny ones is digging in the hills of sand put there for the purpose. Bigger children have games of all kinds, or the more studiously inclined take books with them and read in a quiet corner. Fresh milk is sold all day long at little kiosks, while nurses bring sandwiches and rolls with them.

The Tiergarten is full of singing-birds. Berlin people are very fond of them; everything is done for their comfort, and woe betide the boy that goes bird's-nesting! Wooden shelters covered with greenery are built among the bushes, where in winter the ground beneath is regularly strewn with corn and seeds and other bird-delicacies. The feathered folk appreciate this kindness, and sing their sweetest all the summer in return.

March 10 is a great anniversary. It is the birthday of good Queen Luise, whom all Prussians love and revere, and whose memory is indeed kept green.

The Lungs of the City

Queen Luise was the wife of King Friedrich Wilhelm III., and the mother of the Emperor William I. Her life was short and full of trouble, but her character was very noble and sweet. When the war with Napoleon devastated the country, the Queen sold all her beautiful jewels to help her Fatherland. She had to flee with her children, and underwent great privations, once having to sleep in winter in a tumble-down hut, where she caught the cold that laid the foundation of her last illness. On the wayside one summer's day her children gathered cornflowers, and decorated their beloved young mother with them, in the place of the jewels she used to wear ; and they were all so happy together in spite of their troubles that the Emperor William never forgot that day. All his life the cornflower was his favourite flower, and the present Emperor loves it, too.

What most of all endeared the Queen to her people was the effort she made to stay the war. She travelled to Königsberg to see Napoleon, and implored him to spare her country. What a humiliation for a Queen ! He declared that women should not interfere in politics, and, of course, her mission remained unrequited. The womanly gentleness of the fair young Queen nevertheless made a great impression upon the Emperor, and he gave her a rose, to which he likened her—an unusual bit of sentiment in the great Napoleon.

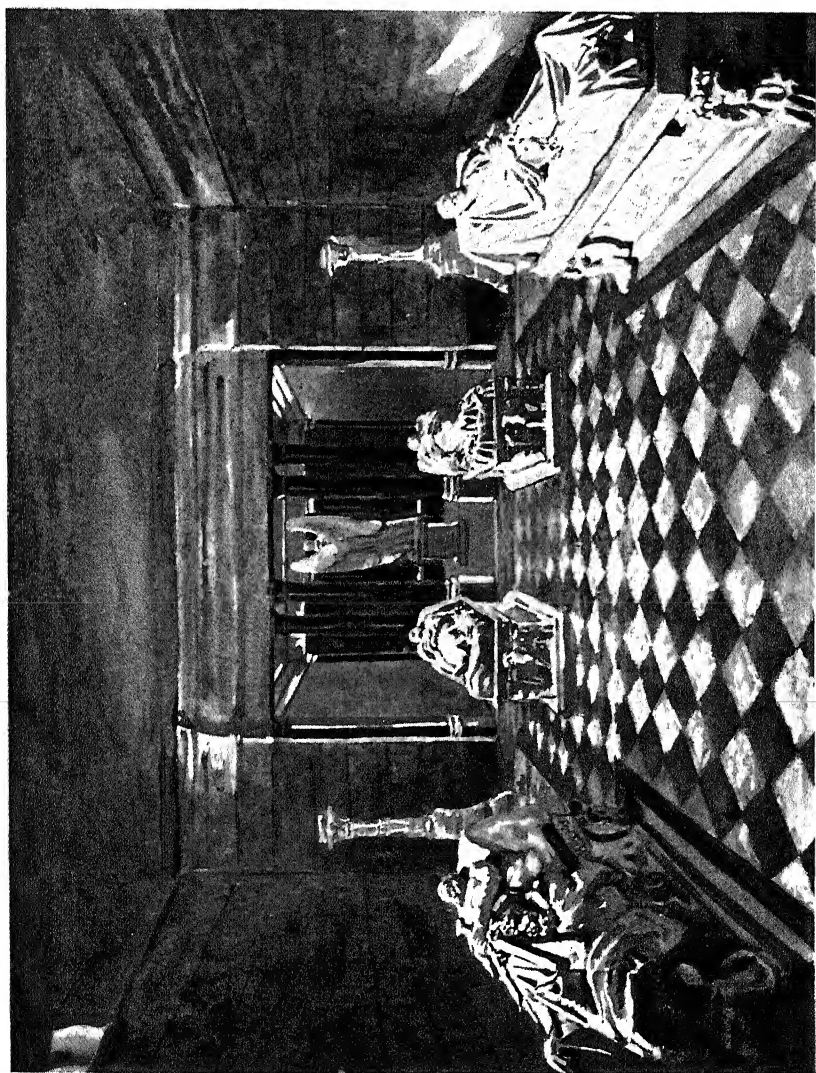
The space around Queen Luise's statue in the Tiergarten is transformed on every March 10 into a garden of loveliest flowers, all of which are brought from the Imperial conservatories for the day. There is a background of magnolia, almond, lilac, and " snow-

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ball " trees, all in full blossom, and there is a carpet of hyacinths and other spring flowers that fill the air with fragrance. Strange to say, it is nearly always beautiful weather for the good Queen's birthday, which is lucky for the delicate blossoms. Everyone who can possibly make time goes to the Tiergarten. Early in the morning come their Majesties from Potsdam, accompanied by their daughter, who is named after her gentle ancestress. A second automobile brings the Crown Princess with her little sons and their nurses. Whole schools arrive with their respective teachers. Everyone stands and admires the beautiful white marble statue in its bed of flowers. The statue of the Queen's husband is a short distance off. It, too, has some flowers, lest it might seem slighted, but it is by no means the centre of attraction.

One of the most charming features of the Tiergarten is the ~~Rosarium—the Rose Garden~~ recently made by order of the Empress. It contains every kind of rose you could name, from the common, sweet-scented cabbage-rose to the regal La France and the exquisite waxlike Madame Druschki. It is a delight to sit there in the early morning and read. Being very quiet—for children are not allowed to enter alone—students often go there with their books. In the middle of the garden the Emperor has had a statue of the Empress erected, a copy of the one he has in his private gardens at Potsdam. Before the roses come into bloom, in order that the garden shall not be bare of flowers, the beds are planted with innumerable azaleas and rhododendrons in full blossom, and the effect is quite lovely.

One of the broadest and finest avenues in the Tier-



The Lungs of the City

garten is the *Sieges Allée*—the Avenue of Victory. It takes its name from the lofty monument at one end, called the *Siegessäule*. Among the many emblems that adorn the column are three rows of cannons, taken in different wars : one row from Denmark, one from Austria, and one from France—sixty cannons altogether. They are so high up that they look quite small, and they are now gilded, like the big angel at the top, who looks very imposing in her wings and flowing robes. A fine view may be had from the top of the monument, which repays you for mounting to the height of two hundred feet.

Along each side of the Avenue are white marble groups of Prussian rulers and their statesmen—three in every group. They are the gift of the Emperor to the city, and are the work of Berlin sculptors exclusively. They make a fine impression with the background of green trees, and lovely beds of flowers in front, although they are not all great works of art.

The Tiergarten has such splendid opportunities, with its broad roads and shady riding-tracks, that it is a pity there is not a rendezvous for carriages as in Hyde Park. There have been many attempts at various times to organize this, and the Imperial family have given their assistance, but after a few endeavours the *corso* has always died a natural death. Berliners are more artistic and hard-working than fashionable, and though there are plenty of wealthy people, they don't understand making a display, like the people of Paris and London. Perhaps a Rotten Row will come in time.

In the centre of the Tiergarten is the Palace of

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Bellevue, already mentioned. In spring the little park belonging to it is a mass of lilac, and attracts hundreds of visitors. The miniature sentry-box, with which the Princes used to play soldiers, is still there, and does duty for any other boys now. A beautiful park is that surrounding the royal Palace at Charlottenburg, a mile or two out of Berlin. The Palace is never occupied nowadays, and you can go over it if you like. In one room is a magnificent collection of porcelain, much of which was presented by some English merchants to Queen Sophie Charlotte of Prussia. In this Palace the Emperor Frederick lived for several months, leaving it for the New Palace at Potsdam only a few weeks before his death.

It is in the Charlottenburg Park that the famous Mausoleum stands, which is one of the sights of Berlin. Here are the incomparably beautiful recumbent statues of King Friedrich Wilhelm III. and his Queen, both carved in white Italian marble by the great sculptor Rauch. They seem to be asleep, and you feel you must tread softly lest you awaken them. Similar figures are there of the Emperor William I. and his consort, the Empress Augusta. An angel of peace keeps watch at the entrance. The walls are of golden-brown marble, and over all is a soft blue light, which increases the impressiveness of the building. A short flight of steps leads down to the vault, which no one ever enters excepting the members of the Imperial family. The Emperor never misses the anniversary of his grandfather's death or birth when in Berlin, but motors to the Mausoleum with the Empress, taking beautiful wreaths.

The Lungs of the City

The most popular of all Berlin's summer resorts is the Grunewald—a tract of pine and birch woods covering nearly thirty square miles. You can get there by train for a penny, and by tram for twopence, so that it is within reach of everybody. There are long and lovely walks in many directions, through wooded glades, past romantic lakes, to the most charming spots. One favourite point is a hunting-lodge belonging to the Emperor, which was built by an Elector over three hundred years ago. You may sit and rest in the old courtyard, and drink a glass of delicious buttermilk that the caretaker's daughter will bring you for a penny.

There is a practical arrangement in some of the smaller restaurants for people who cannot well afford to pay threepence for a cup of coffee—that is the price in more pretentious establishments. A sign tells you : “Hier können Familien Kaffee kochen.” The *Hausfrau*, who is of a thrifty turn, takes her own coffee with her, and can obtain boiling water at a penny a quart, with use of cups and coffee-pot thrown in if the milk is bought there. Several families, or a whole party of young people, with slender means at their command, will take their afternoon meal in this fashion at primitive tables in the woods or gardens. They bring their own cake with them from the city, and a very merry party it always is. After tea, or rather coffee, there are games, or someone reads aloud until the shadows lengthen and it is time to return home.

There used to be great herds of deer in the Grunewald, and in the winter the pretty animals were so tame that they would almost eat out of your hands.

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Now, however, they have nearly all been removed to other preserves, as the Emperor has decided not to shoot there any more. The Grunewald is crowded on Sundays in summer with merry picnickers, and in the winter there is plenty of tobogganing on the slopes. It was in these woods that the Boy Scouts displayed their skill a year or two ago to the Berlin boys; and it is here that the latter have their drill in similar manner, under the instruction of non-commissioned officers. The "Path-finders" are an association very much like the Boy Scouts, and the *Wandervögel* are another.

The Zoological Gardens are a very popular place of amusement, and on the first Sunday in the month, when the entrance-fee is reduced to threepence, you can scarcely see the animals for people. The Gardens are very large and beautifully laid out: there are lovely old trees that afford shade, and splendid playgrounds for children, with everything they can desire in the way of swings and trapezes, and clean sand for the tiny ones to dig in. In winter the broad paths are flooded, so that the skating is capital. Fine military bands play at alternate ends of the chief promenade, and thousands of people sit outside at coffee and supper in summer, listening to the music and watching the crowd. There are very handsome indoor restaurants and terraces, with accommodation for twenty thousand diners, and the Zoo is a very fashionable place in which to spend the evening.

As to the animals, the collection is one of the best and largest in the world, and they all look as happy as any creatures in captivity can possibly be. Their

The Lungs of the City

houses are very spacious and quite works of art, and in summer they are all outside in grounds of their own. So well cared for are the birds and beasts that many species which, as a rule, never brood or breed in captivity, have brought up little families with the utmost cheerfulness.

Berlin's Botanic Gardens recently underwent a move to more commodious premises farther out of the town. It seemed a funny idea to transport a botanic garden, but it succeeded very well. The tall palms and other trees were carefully packed and laid upon long carts, and have taken very kindly to their new surroundings. The move lasted a couple of years, and the new Gardens, though already very pretty, will need a good many years more before they arrive at perfection.

Tempelhof Field—a vast common, where the reviews of the Berlin garrison have been held for the past two hundred years—is a great resort for football-players. It is a capital place for games of all kinds, because you may go on the grass, as it is uncultivated land. It is said Tempelhof Field is large enough to hold the whole standing army of Germany; but there is a talk of building on part of it before long. It was there that Mr. Wright and other aviators ascended, before Berlin had its proper aerodrome, and it was over Tempelhof Field that the first majestic Zeppelin dirigible, with the Count on board, sailed, and bowed her prow to the Emperor amidst the enthusiasm of thousands of people. The Field is bounded by the ancient village of Tempelhof, which belonged to the Knights Templars until the thirteenth century.

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CHAPTER XI

THE IMPERIAL FAMILY

THE Kaiser, as he is universally called, is the German Emperor, and not, as is sometimes erroneously said, the Emperor of Germany. The reason for this distinction is that Germany has over twenty other rulers besides, including three Kings. The Emperor is also King of Prussia, and when he makes any appointments in the State of Prussia it is under this title. The Kings of Saxony, Bavaria, and Württemberg are Royal Majesties, while the Emperor is always spoken of as an Imperial Majesty. The Crown Prince's title proper is Wilhelm, German Crown Prince, Prince of Prussia, and this is on his visiting cards. While the Crown Prince is an Imperial Highness, and his wife, of course, also, his brothers and sisters are, like his own children, Royal Highnesses.

There is no family anywhere more united than the Imperial family of Germany. The Emperor and Empress have brought up their children very simply. The Princes have had to learn as much as any other German boys, and even more, but they were all bright and clever scholars, and did their teachers credit. Six sons were born to their Majesties before the little daughter came, and then there were great rejoicings. You can imagine how the one small sister—always called “Sissie”—was petted by her six big brothers. Princess Victoria Luise stood all the indulgence, however, very well. She shared the games of the younger

The Imperial Family

boys and rode her Shetland pony with them in the Park before she was five, her long golden hair flying in the wind.

Her little Royal Highness was such a madcap that her father used to call her his "best boy." Among her many escapades was the following : The Empress, with her younger children, was spending the summer at Cadinen, in East Prussia, where the Emperor bought a manor-house, with a big farm attached, about ten years ago. The Princess gloried in the farm, as was only natural, and was soon initiated into the mysteries of milking and churning, and all the rest of the delightful occupations. One afternoon the Empress was entertaining visitors in the drawing-room—some ladies from a neighbouring estate. Suddenly the door flew open, and *Princesschen*, her attire bearing visible traces of the farmyard, rushed in, carrying something very carefully in her arms. Hurrying across the room to her mother, she cried : "Mamma, just look at this little darling !" and deposited in the Empress's lap a pink sucking-pig.

But, in spite of all the affectionate indulgence with which she was surrounded, the Princess received the same sterling education that every German girl of good family receives. She speaks several languages perfectly ; she is well up in mathematics ; can play and sing, paint and model, and also knows how to cook. It is said she enjoyed the cooking-lessons immensely, and was very proud when she prepared some dishes to her father's approval.

The Empress is adored by her children and grandchildren, and she is never so happy as when in the

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family circle. Her Majesty was very simply brought up herself in Holstein, and she and her sisters were loved by all the villagers round Primkenau, her father's house, for their kindness of heart, and now, as German Empress, her great benevolence makes her everywhere beloved too. The young Holstein Princess was always very religious, and the Empress has assisted towards the building of a great many churches in Berlin and neighbourhood. Berlin people are not addicted much to church-going, but, following the example of the Emperor and Empress, a good many now seldom miss attending service once on a Sunday.

The Emperor is very clever and many-sided. He inherits his artistic talents from his mother, the Empress Frederick; and a well-known American financier once declared that there was no better man of business anywhere than the German Emperor. And, of course, he is a soldier above everything. His Majesty's favourite dogs are three little dachshunds, those most intelligent, amusing, and self-willed specimens of all the canine race. This trio of mischief is allowed everywhere. The dogs accompany the Emperor on his walks, and frequently on his travels. They are equally at home on board the Imperial yacht *Hohenzollern* and in their master's study, where they lie at his feet while he is settling the affairs of the nation. All three are tan-coloured and extremely pretty. Princess Victoria Luise is very fond of them too, and often takes one or more with her for a drive in the governess-car that was Queen Alexandra's present to her.

The Crown Prince and his charming young wife are

The Imperial Family

exceedingly popular. He is a great lover of sport, besides being very keen on his military duties, and he is a good all-round sportsman himself. He is a fine horseman, yachtsman, and tennis-player, and the Princess shares his tastes. Her Imperial Highness is an ardent lover of animals and a great friend to the German S.P.C.A., or *Tierschutzverein*, and has set her face dead against the horrors of vivisection. The Crown Princess permits no bearing-reins in her stables, and has persuaded the Emperor to abolish those instruments of torture in his own. The small sons of their Imperial Highnesses are dear little fellows, and are beginning to salute you when they meet you by putting their tiny hands to their sailor-caps in correct military fashion. Prince Wilhelm, who will some day become Emperor, is a tall boy of three, and rides his Shetland pony quite well alone.

When a Prince of the Hohenzollern family reaches the mature age of ten he is made an officer in the Prussian Guards. A miniature uniform is made for him, with a real sword, and the Emperor presents him, with a good deal of ceremony, to his superior officers. It is very funny to see the youngest lieutenant doing a march past, his short legs trying hard to keep step with the big guardsmen, and every now and then being obliged to take an extra running step or be left behind. This incident over, he goes back to school, and only enters upon proper military service some eight or nine years later. Prince Adalbert, the Emperor's third son, is the sailor of the family, and lives at Kiel when not at sea. Prince August Wilhelm, the next in age, has

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great literary tastes, and has taken his doctor's degree at the Berlin University.

The Emperor has so many residences he doesn't know what to do with them, and he would willingly part with some of them if he could. The reason for this is that, when Germany was made an Empire, in 1871, a good many small States were taken over by Prussia, among them being the Kingdom of Hanover, the Duchy of Nassau, the Electorate of Hesse-Cassel, and some minor principalities in the Rhine country. Of course all these smaller rulers had their own castles and palaces and fortresses, some of them big and some little, and every one of them came into the possession of the King of Prussia. Some—the most desirable among them—have been restored or enlarged, but others are in places where the Emperor never has occasion to go, while a goodly number are totally unfitted for royal residences at the present day. It was not possible to sell them at the time, for fear of hurting people's feelings, and even to-day there are political reasons why most of them should not be disposed of or rented. Two of them, however, did recently come into the market ; but the rest, having to be kept in condition at considerable expense, are a sort of white elephant to the Crown.

Among the sixty odd residences he owns, the Emperor's favourite is the New Palace at Potsdam, which he always speaks of as "home." The Empress is said to prefer the Palace of Wilhelmshöhe, near Cassel, to any of the Imperial possessions. Wilhelmshöhe has an unusually beautiful park, with wonderful waterfalls and fountains. The Great Fountain is one of the

Berlin in Spring

highest in Europe, rising to over 200 feet. It was at this Palace that the Emperor Napoleon III. was confined a prisoner after the Franco-German War.

CHAPTER XII

BERLIN IN SPRING

“FRITZ! the spring is here. Bring out the garden!” This is what every restaurant or café proprietor in Berlin says to his waiter as soon as the days begin to get warm and the almond-trees put out their pink blossoms. The waiter may not always be Fritz, it is true; he may be Heinrich, or August, or Johannes, but the garden is always the same. It consists of any number of long, narrow, green boxes, containing a tall framework of ivy. Placed together in a row on the pavement, with a few more to form the end, some chairs and small white-draped tables inside, the garden is complete. There are variations, according to the standing of the restaurant, the size of its frontage, and the taste of the owner. Some of the gardens have wooden flooring and gay awnings, while the walls, instead of being of cheap homely ivy, are of flowering creepers, with all sorts of bright flowers in pots in between, and there is always electric lighting for the evening. Everything is gay and cheerful, and the clatter of plates and glasses, the sound of merry voices, and the odour of “bifsteak” pervade the air.

Then there are the big real gardens in the Tiergarten, where bands play, and friends meet for afternoon

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coffee and supper. Berlin people dine, with few exceptions, in the middle of the day. Even English residents generally fall into the custom, as theatres and concerts begin very early. A very favourite adjunct to a simple supper in summer is *dicke Milch*—thick milk. This is fresh milk put into small shallow glass dishes made for the purpose, and left untouched until it is quite firm, with a rich cream on it. It is eaten with sugar and, sometimes, crumbled brown bread, and is very wholesome. I know a gentleman of eighty-four, who attributes his robust health to a supper of *dicke Milch* every night of his life.

May is called the *Wonnemonat*, or the month of delight, in Germany. It certainly is in Berlin the most beautiful month of all the year. The chestnut and hawthorn-trees are in full blossom, the limes are coming out, and the nightingales sing in the Tiergarten in hundreds. Contrary to English ideas, May is considered the lucky month for marriages, and you meet wedding carriages everywhere. The bridegroom—if he is not an officer, when he is in uniform—wears a dress-coat for the occasion, no matter what time of day the wedding is. So also do all the gentlemen guests; in fact, the “swallow-tail” is donned on all ceremonious occasions in Germany, morning or evening, which seems a very queer custom to English people.

The bridegroom fetches the bride from her home, taking her a bouquet, and driving with her to church. To be married in travelling costume is unknown in Germany; every bride must be married in white, with a long veil and a wreath of myrtle. ~~Myrtle is the~~

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wedding symbol to a German bride, as orange-blossoms are to an English one. The glossy, dark-green leaves, and the tiny white blossoms, are very becoming and pretty, arranged under the soft net of the veil, and especially so when the bride has fair hair, as is so often the case in Germany. A conventional Berlin wedding is rather an infliction for the bridal pair, and usually a most expensive matter. The ceremony takes place about four o'clock in the afternoon, as a general thing, after which everyone drives to a fashionable hotel, where two or three large rooms are engaged for the occasion.

The banquet begins about six, and goes on till eleven, or even later. You do not, happily, sit still all the time, but after every speech you rise and cross the room to clink glasses with the bride and bridegroom. The speeches are often very humorous. Nearly always, someone recites a poem, written for the occasion, full of witty allusions to episodes in the life of the bridal pair, from babyhood upwards. This is sometimes the work of a member of the family—for the Germans are great rimesters; but if there is no one clever enough in that line, the material is supplied to a professional poet, who makes a good living by doing this kind of work. There are all sorts of little entertainments between the courses, such as songs and musical sketches, so that there is plenty of fun and no stiffness or sentimentality. The bride and bridegroom do not get away to change their dress and start on their honeymoon until long after midnight; but they do not mind that; they say it only comes once in a lifetime. The guests remain together often till daylight. There is a

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dance, and about three or four o'clock you have breakfast. Nobody is tired, and you get home to bed when other people are starting for business.

Easter is a great festival in spring-time. The shops are full of "eggs" of every description. The confectioners present bewildering masses of chocolate, marzipan, and sugar-eggs, and pretty wooden and paper boxes in egg-form, filled with delicious bon-bons. All these eggs are supposed to have been laid by the Easter hare—a German tradition, the origin of which is obscure. Easter hares, when not made of chocolate or sugar entirely, are of cardboard, and are then, of course, hollow. Even the smallest toddler understands the mechanism of an Easter hare, and knows that the process by which the sweet contents are obtainable is to pull off its head.

The great fun on Easter Sunday is the family egg-hunt. When there is a garden this is a most fascinating occupation for young and old, but it goes very well indoors too. *Papachen* and *Mamachen* hide the eggs in every conceivable place. More attention is paid to quantity than to quality, the more the better being the rule. Sometimes hens' eggs are among them, hard-boiled and gaily coloured afterwards. Every boy and girl is furnished with a small basket, and the hunt begins. It happens occasionally that one of the seekers is less fortunate than the rest, and his face betrays his disappointment; then *Papachen* or *Mamachen*—ever on the watch for a just distribution—points, unseen by the others, to a corner where there is a well-stocked nest, and harmony is speedily restored. The Emperor used to be very clever at hiding the Easter eggs for his

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children in the Bellevue Gardens, and there was always a merry party there. But the Imperial children are grown up now, and so this particular form of fun is handed down to the Crown Prince's little ones, while the elder members of the family give each other eggs of a more mature character.

The Grand Review on Tempelhof Field takes place on June 1. For weeks beforehand the streets have presented a busy scene, the troops of soldiers of every regiment marching and riding out with their fine bands to drill. Everyone runs to the windows and balconies to watch them pass until the last strains of the music have died away; but it is not long before another comes, and so a good deal of time is pleasantly wasted. A Berlin schoolboy will ask you: "Why is it always fine weather on Review Day?" and when you say you give it up, he tells you it is because the review doesn't take place at all in bad weather.

On Review Day everyone is up early. The streets are lined with crowds of people; all the platforms built at the entrance of the Field are filled to the last place; and the majority of the seats are usually occupied by English and Americans. Their Majesties leave Potsdam before nine o'clock; the Emperor motors to the barracks of the Dragoon Guards—the fine regiment of which the King of England is Honorary Colonel—and there mounts his horse. Sometimes the Empress is on horseback too; but generally she drives with Princess Victoria Luise in an open carriage, drawn by six black horses, with gorgeous trappings and outriders. The Crown Princess comes in a similar equipage with her children. The Crown Prince and his brothers

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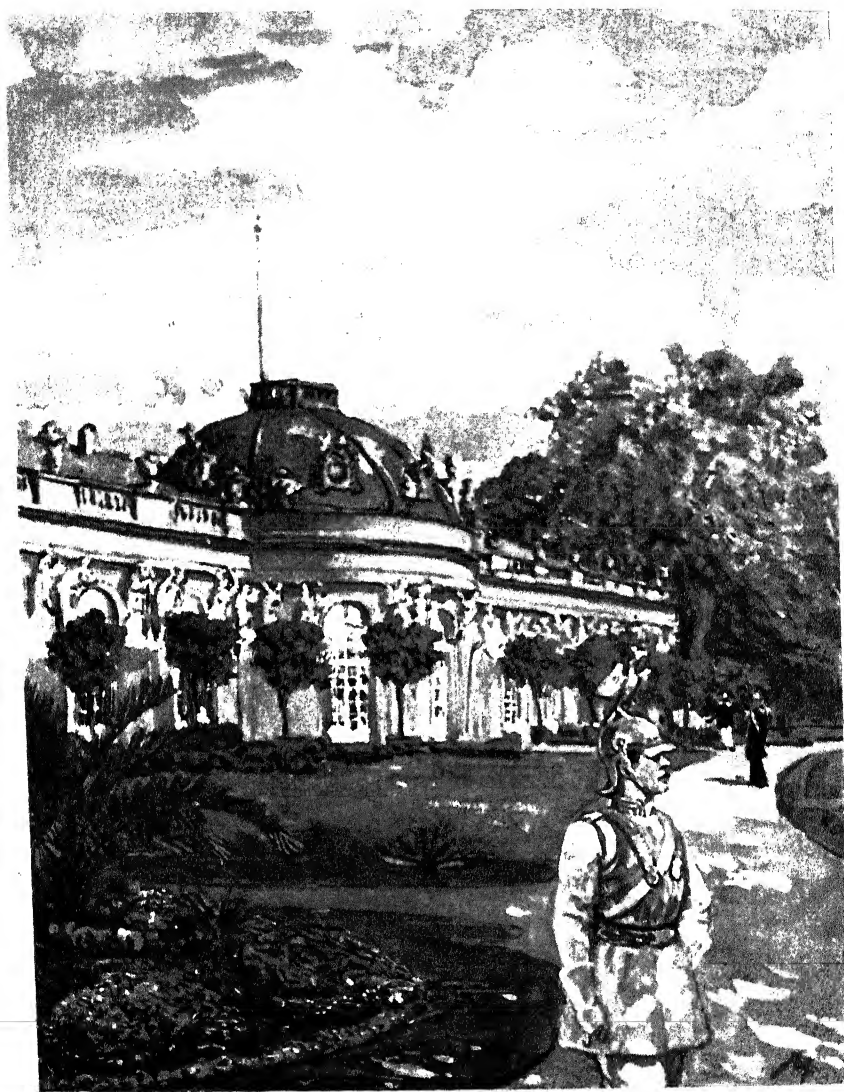
are with their respective regiments. There are always a good many royal and princely guests of the Emperor present, and innumerable foreign uniforms are to be seen.

The review is a very grand military spectacle, and it is no wonder the Prussians are proud of their soldiers. When it is over—which is usually by eleven o'clock, on account of the heat—the Emperor rides back to the Schloss, surrounded by the Princes and officers, and followed by the flag company and the rest of the troops. His Majesty and the Empress are always enthusiastically cheered all along the route, and also the Crown Prince and Princess. Each member of the Imperial family, as well as any particular favourite of the crowd, comes in for his share of *hochs* and “hurrahs.” The sun shines down on the glittering helmets; band after band plays its stirring marches; the whole scene is very gay and animated. The day terminates with a gala performance at the Royal Opera, generally something light and suited to the warm weather, like a short but brilliantly mounted ballet. Their Imperial Majesties, with their family and guests, are always present, and the whole of the stalls are given up to the officers, whose bright uniforms make a kaleidoscope of colouring.

CHAPTER XIII

CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR

A GERMAN Christmas is a thing to be remembered with pleasure ever after. It is the great festival of the whole year, and the chief celebration is not, as in



POTSDAM. SANSSOUCI PALACE.

Christmas and New Year

England, on Christmas Day, but on Christmas Eve—Holy Eve, the Germans call it. Christmas is felt in the air long before the time comes. An atmosphere of delightful mystery pervades the house. Parcels of all kinds and puzzling shapes arrive and disappear, and as the long-expected day draws near there is often one room that it is strictly forbidden to enter, and which becomes a pleasant kind of Bluebeard's Chamber to the children. The *Weihnachtsmann* (the Christmas Man) or the *Christkind* (the Christ-child) takes the place of the English Santa Claus. The former is especially firmly believed in, and just a little bit feared, for he is credited with a rod for naughty children hidden away in his sack of toys with which the good ones are to be regaled.

The elder children have their secrets, too. The girls meet their friends once a week for a long time before the festive season, to do all sorts of surprise-work for parents and relatives. The little party takes place at each house in turn, and, of course, no grown-ups are permitted to be present. After chocolate and *Schlagsahne* and cake has been partaken of, the *Backfisches* sit round a table and become very industrious, while, generally, one reads an entertaining book. This weekly party is called a *Kränzchen*, and is very popular in the winter months. The boys are seldom allowed within the sacred precincts of a *Kränzchen*, but they are busy in their own room with fretwork and all kinds of pretty and useful articles to rejoice someone's heart at Christmas. At school the smaller children always learn a Christmas poem to recite on Holy Eve, and their parents must never hear it before the proper time, or the effect would be quite lost.

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The streets are so crowded towards Christmas that you can hardly get along, and everybody is laden with parcels. The shops are more fascinating than ever, and the windows of the big stores always represent some wonderful scene out of fairyland, the persons of which are big dolls. In some parts of the city long lines of wooden booths are erected, where mechanical toys, wooden animals, and all sorts of cheap knick-knacks are sold. These are a great attraction for the children. In former days there used to be a Christmas market held quite near the Imperial Castle, where everything was sold at popular prices. The Emperor Frederick, when he was Crown Prince, used to go there with his children, who enjoyed themselves immensely. This, though, like many customs, belongs to a past generation.

About ten days before Christmas the trees arrive from the country. You see great carts going through the streets, piled up with fir-trees bound tightly together, and then everyone feels that the joyful season is close at hand. Within twenty-four hours they are all unpacked, and at many street corners, and in all the open spaces and squares, you walk through little avenues of beautiful pine-trees, and may almost fancy yourself in the Harz Forests, from which the majority of them come. The fragrance fills the air for quite a long way, so sweet and fresh are the trees. There are mighty giants, many feet high, to be purchased by those who have room for them, and others of medium height, that can stand on the floor of your dining-room and almost touch the ceiling, and quite tiny ones to stand on a table. Every German

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family has its tree on Holy Eve, or it would not be Christmas to them.

If it is proper Christmas weather—hard frost, blue skies, and plenty of snow—you will see a good many sleighs in the Tiergarten. They are very smart little vehicles, and the horses fly along at a great pace, as the sleigh runs so easily. The snow-cloths are very picturesque: they are generally very bright in colour, and those of the Emperor's sleigh are pale blue. They are attached to the harness and keep the snow from being thrown into the vehicle by the horses' hoofs. When the snow is very deep, sledges sometimes take the place of cabs. There is nothing more delightful than a sleighing-party out to the Grunewald and home by moonlight. It is so exhilarating, flying silently over the snowy tracks, but you must be well wrapped up in rugs. Berlin coachmen in winter drive like the Russians, with one rein in each hand. It is almost impossible to hold the reins in the English manner wearing the thick fur gloves that are a necessity.

Christmas Eve, in a family where there are children, always begins in much the same way. As soon as it gets properly dark, everyone, excepting papa or mamma, assembles in a state of expectant excitement near the Bluebeard's Chamber—which is generally a large drawing-room. The room in which the expectant ones sit is kept dusk, and carols are sung. There is one specially beautiful Christmas carol called "Stille Nacht, heilige Nacht," which is as familiar to every German as his A B C. Suddenly the tinkle of a bell is heard from the chamber of mystery. Everyone stops singing and holds his breath; it rings a second time,

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and everybody prepares for the rush ; at the third ring the doors are thrown open, and in a trice you are inside. All other lights are turned off, but the candles on the tree make the room brilliant. Sometimes the tree is dressed with all kinds of pretty sparkling things, but it is more usual to have it all white and silver, the branches covered with artificial snow and *Reif*. Tables, white-covered, are laden with all kinds of gifts : a different table for every member of the family, as a rule, and everybody, strange to say, finds exactly the things he or she has been longing for. There is a *Bunte Teller* : or, to translate it literally, a variegated plate, for each person. Among its contents are red-cheeked apples, and dozens of nuts of all kinds, various types of the famous honey-cake, and, of course, plenty of marzipan—this last delicacy generally in fancy forms, many quite artistic. The servants have their own table, and often their own little tree, with a great many useful and pretty presents, sometimes a substantial gift of money as well, and, of course, a *Bunte Teller*.

The week between Christmas and New Year is a series of festivities. At the theatres, which are crowded, there is usually a special play for children, but it is enjoyed just as much by their elders. The main theme is a well-known fairy-tale, but the author weaves into it his own funny and poetic ideas, and there is always a grand transformation-scene at the end. A dazzlingly brilliant tree, reaching to the ceiling, always plays a prominent part in the apotheosis, and everyone, on the stage and off it, sings “*Stille Nacht*” in chorus, which has a very pretty and impressive effect.

New Year’s Eve, called Sylvester Eve in Germany,

Christmas and New Year

is the merriest night in all the year. Sometimes it is passed in the family circle at home, when there are all kinds of fun, games, and drawing-room fireworks, and an expedition is made to the kitchen to melt lead. This is great sport. The lead is sold ready in little fancy blocks, and everybody melts his piece in turn in an iron spoon over the fire. As soon as the lead becomes fluid, it is quickly poured into a basin of cold water, and the shape it takes is supposed to denote events in the coming year. As midnight approaches, the Christmas-tree is again lighted up with a new relay of candles, watches are compared, the punch and dough-nuts stand ready, and everyone listens at the open windows for the sound of the bells. At the stroke of twelve everyone cries "Prosit Neujahr !" all at once ; people who have never seen each other before greet each other from the balconies ; and all down the street echoes the joyous cry.

Many people pass Sylvester Eve at a restaurant, which is such a popular custom that tables have to be ordered for parties long beforehand. A great deal of mirth prevails, and it is the one day of the year when any species of hurdy-gurdy is tolerated. The organ-grinders reap a perfect harvest, going from one smart restaurant to another, and playing only a few bars—which are always more than enough ! The trees are lighted up here, too, and everyone greets his neighbour at midnight with the same hearty "Prosit Neujahr !" It is always safer to wait a while in the rooms before going home, for outside, in the Friedrich Strasse and Unter den Linden and adjacent streets, the crowds are so dense that it is hardly possible to make your

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way through. Everyone is shouting the customary greeting, and you would be thought very churlish not to respond.

Sometimes the crowd becomes riotous and eager for mischief. A tall hat is then the butt if the wearer is not very quick, and this pleasant trait in a Sylvester crowd is so well known that no Berliner would think of wearing one. It is the country cousin who suffers. The police, who are on duty in great numbers, keep a watchful eye, but they do not interfere unless matters become serious, for New Year's Eve is the recognized holiday, the one day in the year when mild excesses are winked at.

New Year's Day begins in a very cheerful manner. At eight o'clock the grand *réveillé* is sounded. In the cupola of the Imperial Schloss the trumpeters play a beautiful chorale, which echoes far and wide. Then they descend to the courtyard and unite with a couple of bands, and all march down the Linden to Brandenburg Gate and back again, playing splendidly all the way. It is worth while getting up early, even if you have a headache, to hear this stirring and impressive welcoming-in of the New Year. Two hours later crowds line the Linden to see the State coaches bringing the Princes, Ambassadors, distinguished officers and statesmen to the Schloss for the Court of Felicitation, which is preceded by a service in the Chapel. No matter how cold it may be, there is always an appreciative crowd of spectators.

On New Year's Day you need a full purse of small change, for it is the universal tipping season. The baker's boy, the woman who brings the daily paper, the chimney-sweep, and other hard-working folks,

The Waterway to Potsdam

call to wish you a happy New Year, generally handing in a descriptive poem, composed and printed for the occasion. The postmen are never forgotten, and, indeed, they deserve their tip more than anyone, for their life is not easy. They have to mount three and four flights of stairs dozens of times a day, sometimes only to deliver a postcard or a worthless circular. Berlin postmen are all thin, which is a significant fact, when so many Germans are quite the reverse. After New Year has passed the Christmas-tree, now dry and brittle, is carried off to the lumber-room, to be chopped up for firewood. Many of you, no doubt, remember Hans Andersen's pathetic little tale. The tree, however, has fulfilled its mission, and has afforded so much real pleasure to young and old that I think it must feel very proud and contented.

CHAPTER XIV

THE WATERWAY TO POTSDAM

BERLIN's surroundings are quite lovely, rich in wood and water, and the most beautiful direction to take is that which leads to Potsdam by the Havel. Potsdam is reached in thirty minutes by train, and there is a service of sixty trains a day. Large pleasure-steamers ply regularly in summer between the sister towns, but the best way is to go to Wannsee by train, taking the steamer there. The River Havel is really a series of beautiful lakes, large and small, all the way to Potsdam, and far beyond. One of the largest is the Wannsee Lake, where the sailing regatta is held, in which the

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Crown Prince and his brothers often take part. You see a great number of yachts and rowing-boats there at all times. On the banks are a good many charming villas, every one with its boat-house and landing-stage ; and there are several restaurants, with gardens going down to the beach.

Some distance from Wannsee is the historical island known as *Pfaueninsel* (Peacock Island). Many years ago there lived on the island a famous alchemist named Kunckel von Loewenstern, who enjoyed the patronage of the Great Elector. He was the inventor of phosphorus and ruby glass, and traces of his laboratory may still be seen. The island was so picturesque, with its big oak-trees and rich vegetation, that it became a very favourite resort of the King—Friedrich Wilhelm II. He had a palace built there, to represent a ruined fortress. The next King loved the romantic little island too, and spent many happy days there with his wife, Queen Luise, before their troubles came. You can see the Russian switchback-railway still that was made for the royal children in those days, and many other mementoes of a far-off time. The oaks on the island are said to be more than a thousand years old.

In one of the broadest parts of the Havel, on the opposite side to Potsdam, is the Babelsberg Palace, one of the most beautiful houses in the Emperor's possession, though unoccupied now. It is built in Tudor style, which is not often seen in Germany. The Emperor William I. and the Empress Augusta always spent a good part of the summer there, and the Emperor Frederick, when a youth, lived there a long time. Thus the Babelsberg Palace became very dear



POTSDAM, HISTORIC MILL.

The Waterway to Potsdam

to the Empress Frederick, and she was often there with her husband and children. The interior is shown, with many interesting mementoes of the two Emperors. The Park of Babelsberg is very lovely, with its wide-spreading lawns and dense shrubberies, and everywhere a view of the broad Havel.

Passing all sorts of pretty places that tempt one to stop and explore, you come in time to Werder, which is the other side of Potsdam. It is a great fruit-growing district—cherries, in particular, growing there in orchards that cover several miles. In spring, when the trees are in blossom, the Berlin people journey out in thousands. Special trains and steamers run, and on Sundays the crowds are enormous. When Werder is approached from the water, it looks in the distance like fields of snow, and is a sight well worth seeing. The Empress generally goes there once in the season. You sit in the gardens and drink coffee, amidst the wealth of blossom, and would not think of returning to Berlin without purchasing some snowy branches. Bicyclists go out to Werder in great numbers, returning with their handle-bars decorated with the lovely delicate blossoms, and the people in the streets look at them envyingly, knowing the riders have been to Werder.

The blossom being so beautiful, you can imagine how delicious the fruit is. Werder cherries are famous throughout all Northern Germany. The growers have their own flotilla of long flat boats, and come to Berlin every morning very early with the loads. The Werder women have a little open-air market all to themselves, near the busy centre of the Friedrich Strasse terminus.

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All their fruit is splendid, and they are quite aware of their superiority over other growers.

The summer residence of the Crown Prince and Princess—the Marble Palace—is on the banks of Heiligen See, or Holy Lake, one of the quietest and most beautiful lakes of the Havel. It is classically built and close to the water's edge. You will be amused to learn that the exquisite little building adjoining the Palace, which looks like an ancient temple, is the Imperial kitchen. The present Emperor and Empress used to live at the Marble Palace when they were Prince and Princess Wilhelm, and the Crown Prince and most of his brothers were born there, so it is no wonder his Imperial Highness is fond of it. The Crown Princess is very often seen early in the morning, rowing her little boys on the lake, or sailing with her husband. When the Emperor and Empress go anywhere on the Havel, or to the regatta on the Spree—which runs into the former river—they always use their big steam yacht *Alexandra*, which is kept in readiness at the royal naval station.

CHAPTER XV

POTSDAM

Nobody would ever dream of going to Berlin without paying a visit to Potsdam. The town is of no great interest in itself : it is its beautiful situation and the splendour of the royal palaces, with their historical associations, that have made Potsdam famous throughout the world. There is so much to see that you

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hardly know where to begin. In the quaint old Garrison Church, in the middle of the town, lie the remains of Frederick the Great. When the mighty Napoleon came to Berlin, he, too, visited Potsdam and the Garrison Church. Going into the vault where his great brother-monarch lay, gazing at the coffin, he said : " Didst thou not lie here, neither should I be here !" Frederick the Great always desired to be buried beneath the terrace of the Sanssouci Palace, which he had built and which he loved so dearly. He had a vault made in readiness, and once said to his friend, the Marquis d'Argens : " Quand je serai là, je serai sans souci !" But his wish was disregarded, and he was buried by his father's side, while in the vault the King had made for himself his favourite horse and dogs were interred. There are a good many flags in the Garrison Church that were taken in different battles. They hang there, torn to ribbons, faded, tragic mementoes. They are all the more valuable now, as the flags in the Berlin Garrison Church were destroyed by fire some years ago. The Potsdam Church has a chime of melodious old Dutch bells, that plays a chorale every hour, and another at the half-hour. Everyone passing stands to listen to the quaint strains till they die away.

It has been said by competent judges that the Emperor's gardens are the finest in the world, those of the Czar at Peterhof not even excepted. Certainly anything more beautiful than Sanssouci cannot well be imagined. You may wander for hours amidst the loveliest surroundings, nature and art combining to a perfect whole. One of the gardens is called the

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Sicilian Garden. It is full of tropical plants, with marble statues and fountains, and it leads into the Northern Garden, which is equally beautiful in a more rugged style. Then there is the Paradise Garden, which, with its trellised winding paths and wealth of espalier and hanging fruit, is an imitation of a Northern Italian garden. And everywhere there are fountains and cascades in graceful and original forms. The Great Fountain rises to a height of 130 feet, and only plays on Sundays and Wednesdays.

The Emperor is justly proud of the fruit grown in his gardens and glass-houses. Whenever he is on his Norwegian cruise in the summer, baskets of fresh flowers and fruit and vegetables are packed in ice, and conveyed by special messenger overland to the ports where the *Hohenzollern* puts in. There are beautiful niches and grottoes scattered about the Park and grounds. One pavilion, called the Japanese Tea House, always amuses children exceedingly. The roof is covered with monkeys, whose eyes follow you wherever you go. At frequent intervals you come upon marble statues of rare beauty.

A long, broad flight of steps, with many terraces bounded by exquisite flowers and espalier fruit, leads to the Palace of Sanssouci, which is full of reminiscences of Frederick the Great, who lived there so many years. The rooms have been little changed since that time. You may see the chair in which the King died, and the clock that he always wound up himself, and which stopped at the moment of his death. Frederick the Great was passionately fond of music, and his music-room, with his flute and spinet, is just as he left it.

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There are many traces, too, of Voltaire, who was so long the favourite of the King, on account of his wit and satire. They quarrelled often, each trying to outdo the other in caustic remarks. Sometimes they were like two schoolboys. One day the King, to irritate his guest, wrote on a sheet of paper : " Voltaire is an ass !" and laid it on his plate at the dinner-table. Voltaire observed that it was unsigned, and asked permission to sign it for the King, which was accorded. The paper was then passed along the table, and the royal host read the words : " Voltaire is an ass, Frederick the Second !"

In the picture-gallery at Sanssouci are some fine paintings. Guido Reni's " Ecce Homo " hangs there, which is always used as an altar-piece at a christening, marriage, or funeral in the Hohenzollern family. It is said that during the last hours of the Emperor Frederick the picture—a great favourite of his—was hung at the foot of his bed.

Just outside the gates of Sanssouci stands the " Historical Windmill." This belonged to a simple, but very energetic miller in the days of Frederick the Great, who went to law against the King, and won his case, wherefore Prussian legislature is always held up as a model of justice. It is popularly said that the King objected to the noise of the sails, and wished the miller to go, which he very properly refused to do. Another version is that the objections arose from the miller, because a wall that had been built by the King kept the wind away from his sails, and so business suffered. Whichever version was correct, however, the miller was victorious.

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Sanssouci Palace is never occupied now, but foreign visitors are occasionally accommodated at the Orangery, a small palace in the Italian style a little farther away. The New Palace is a mile beyond, a broad avenue leading through the Park to its gates. It was erected by Frederick the Great about 1765, soon after the termination of the Seven Years' War. It is said the King, who lived very simply at Sanssouci, was irritated at the remarks of the people, who declared he had no money after the war. So he said he would prove he had plenty of means at his command. The ground where the New Palace now stands was a vast swamp, but the King gave his orders, and the building cost him altogether over £450,000. It is a magnificent pile, and he lived there a good many years, but he never loved it as he loved Sanssouci.

The interior of the New Palace is well worth seeing, but the finest room of all is called the *Muschelsaal*, or Hall of Shells. The walls and ceiling of this vast saloon are inlaid with corals, crystals, and rare shells, many of the stones being of great value. It is here that the Imperial family always celebrate Christmas Eve. The candles on the trees—one tree for each member of the family—cause the walls to sparkle and flash till the whole looks like a scene out of the "Arabian Nights." In this beautiful room, too, the Emperor frequently grants audiences and welcomes any visitors who may be coming to stay at the palace. There is a theatre in the palace which seats five hundred persons, and here there are sometimes performances by artists from the royal theatres when their Majesties do not feel inclined to go to Berlin.

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It was at the New Palace that the Emperor Frederick died. The heroic manner in which he bore his suffering is known to all. For many weeks before his death he could not speak, even in a whisper, but had to write everything he wished to say. Once he wrote to his youngest daughter, now Princess Friedrich Karl of Hesse, who was sitting by his side : " *Lerne leiden, ohne zu klagen !*" He had indeed learnt to suffer without murmuring. The Emperor was interred in the Mausoleum in the Friedens Kirche, the Church of Peace, at the entrance to Sanssouci Park, and there the Empress Frederick was laid also. Her Majesty's body was brought from Cronberg, where she died, and the sad funeral procession passed slowly through the beautiful avenues of the Park all the way to the church. King Edward and Queen Alexandra were among the mourners. The Friedens Kirche is built in the Early Christian basilica style ; the tower, as in so many Italian churches, is at the side. There is another beautiful church in similar style at Sacrow, a village on the Havel, very near Potsdam.

The Wildpark Woods around the New Palace are lovely. It is there that the Christmas-trees for the Emperor's family are cut down. His Majesty always makes a point of choosing them himself. With his daughter, he generally takes a stroll through the wood, accompanied by a forester, and the most perfectly formed firs are then marked. The rule of the Christmas-trees erected in the Hall of Shells is : the tallest for the Emperor and Empress, the next in size for the Crown Prince and Princess, and so on, each a size smaller, to quite small ones for the baby-Princes.

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Wildpark Station, being close to the New Palace, is always used when their Majesties start on a journey, and there the Imperial trains are usually kept. German trains are much higher than the English ones, and the platforms are lower, so you cannot just step comfortably into a railway carriage as in England. You have to climb up and down in a very awkward manner, which for old persons, or if you are carrying parcels, is not pleasant. At all stations where the members of the Imperial family, or distinguished visitors, are likely to arrive or depart, small wooden steps are stowed away in readiness, in company with the crimson carpet. When the royal train arrives, the steps are run up to the saloon carriage, and the privileged persons are able to descend in comfort.

Not only Potsdam, but all its surroundings, are beautiful. There are rural villages that make you think you are many miles from the town. At one of these, Bornstedt, is the Emperor's home-farm, where you can drink delicious milk. "Bornstedt Field" is a big drilling-ground for the Potsdam garrison, but the reviews are held in the large square—or *Lustgarten*—in front of the Town Palace, in the heart of Potsdam. The Town Palace is the residence of the Crown Prince, when it has grown too cold to live at the Marble Palace, and before he comes to Berlin for the season.

There are many beautiful things to see in Potsdam that space forbids me to tell you about, and I can only advise you to come and see them all for yourselves.